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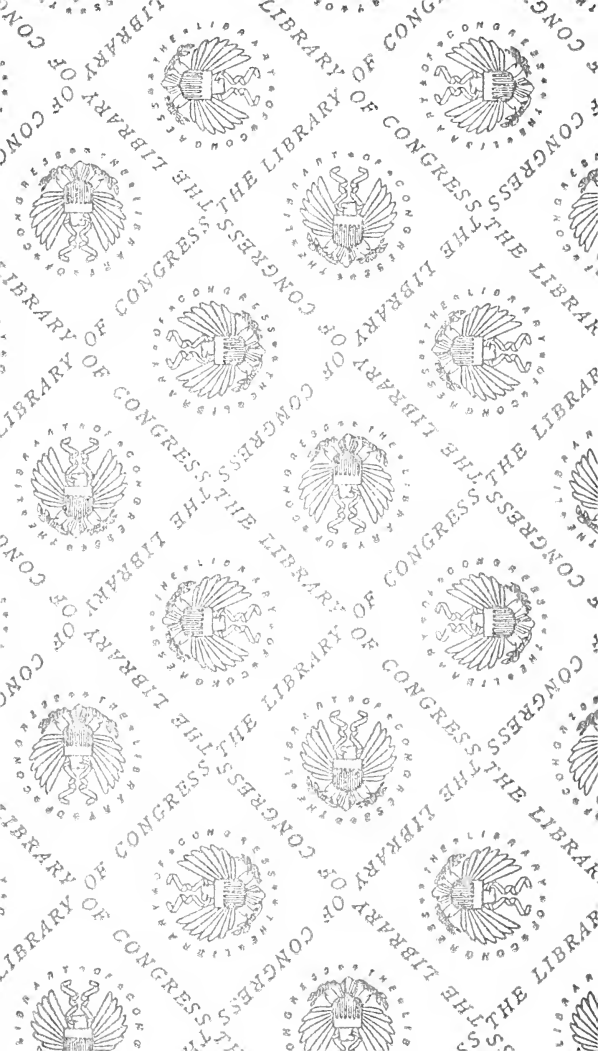
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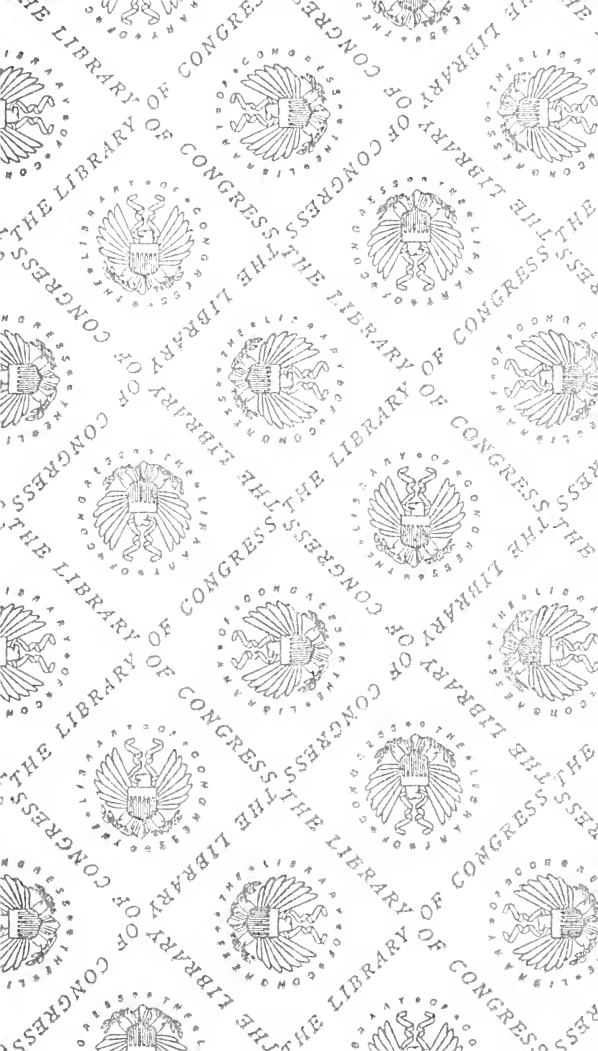
1851

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S O N G S

FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE:

OR,

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

BY

MRS. MARION ALBINA BIGELOW.



LANE & SCOTT,

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

MRS. BIGELOW has been for several years a regular contributor to the columns of several periodicals, and, thus far, has had no reason to reproach the public with any lack of attention to her poetical productions. Nearly three hundred have thus been published ; and the flattering reception they have enjoyed, seems to afford ground for the belief that this publication will not be unsuccessful.

The Editor has found no lack of materials, having been permitted to examine more than a thousand manuscripts. Those which have been selected, very fairly represent the character of the rest, except that there is, among the former, a much larger class of elegies, and a smaller

proportion of sacred and irregular pieces, similar to "Are they Gone?" and the "Penitent's Offering," in this volume.

So large a number of elegies have been selected, for the reason that such compositions are more popular among the masses than any other species of *serious* literature. The author is wholly incapable of levity, and the reader will find nothing of it in any of her productions.

As in most other cases, we are able to discern, in the early history of the author's life, the cause of that singular melancholy which breathes so sadly in many of her productions. She was, while yet in her father's house, called to part with one sister and three brothers in succession. Her affection for them was intense, and her sorrow overwhelming. The brothers all died of consumption; she saw them die, and never could forget the scene. With all the devotion of a sister's heart, she attended the first until he sunk into the arms of death. Month after month she hung over the bedside of the second, anticipating every wish, and exhausting her strength, until she stood by his grave. Her

cup of sorrow was now too full—she could not bear it! For several weeks she lay on the verge of the grave, tortured with fever, and deliriously talking of her brothers. As her strength slowly returned, while the scenes through which she had passed seemed like the parts of a troubled dream, she listened once more to the consumptive's cough. Her misery was all repeated, in the slow decline and death of another to whom her affections clung,

“Like the close tendrils of the clinging vine.”

Is it any wonder that her muse should drop a tear over the remembrance of pleasure, and thenceforth devote herself to the shades of the willow, and the memory of the dead?

It is believed that the following poems—so simple, so true to nature, and so free from obscure allusions—will find an echoing chord in the hearts of thousands. They are offered to the public without apologies. Probably no book was ever yet published which was in no point open to criticism. The reader will be able to find here a few bad rhymes, some faults in

metre, and some prosaic sentences ; so he could in the best volume of poetry now extant. It may be proper to add, the editor would have attempted some emendations did not the author prefer her original forms of expression.

A. F. BIGELOW.

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SONGS FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE.

GENIUS.

Founded on an incident which transpired at the Natural Bridge in Virginia, as related by Elihu Burritt, in his "Lectures on Genius."

'Twas midday o'er that mighty arch,
Which Nature's hand hath framed ;
And, far beneath, the Cedar Creek
Then in the sunlight flamed.

In the rough channel deep below,
Three rosy children stood ;
Uncovered was each thoughtful brow,
Beside the sweeping flood.

Lo ! now, with earnest, curious eye,
They read in letters deep,
Name after name engraven high,
Along the rocky steep.

At once they climb that jutting rock,
Which might the bravest dare,
And in rude letters carve their names
Deep in the limestone there !

They all descend again, save one,—
One, with a dauntless eye,
Is reading, far above his own,
A name engraven high.

It is a name to Freedom dear,
Our country's noblest son,—
“My humble name—I'll write it there,
“By that of Washington !”

'Tis done—yet onward, upward still,
Fast he pursues his flight,
Till, from an op'ning o'er his head,
Rushes a stronger light.

Many have gather'd hastily,
To see our hero there ;
Anon, he hears the voice of praise,
Or cry of faint despair !

But still he toils the vast ascent,
Beyond the reach of aid ;
Still for his patient, tireless feet
Niche after niche is made.

He pauses—turns a look beneath !
What arm can save him now ?
A dizziness comes o'er his brain,
A paleness o'er his brow !

His father's hand a strong noose flings
From the high archway there ;—
A moment, and that slight form swings,
Suspended in the air.

And now the parent clasps his child,
With tones of transport loud ;
And mingled shouts of rapture swell
From the assembled crowd.

Is it not thus with those who climb
The dangerous heights of fame,
To write imperishably there
A name, an humble name ?

Genius must never slack his course,
Nor pause to look beneath ;
One reckless glance at sordid earth
May bring impending death,—

Unless, thou venturous boy, like thine,
His Father's hand of love
Send succour from the arch of heaven,
And take his child above.

ANGEL OF HIS PRESENCE.

In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the Angel of his presence saved them.—ISAIAH lxiii, 9.

CHRISTIAN, in the hour of sickness,
When the fever'd pulse was high,
Did the Angel of his presence
Pass before thy languid eye?
Were his arms then laid beneath thee,
Yielding pure and tranquil rest?
Was thine aching head then pillow'd
On the dear Redeemer's breast?

When around thy rugged pathway
Clouds were gath'ring thick and fast;
When the world seem'd cold and hollow,
And thou couldst not bear its blast;
Didst thou then, amid the darkness,
See a bright, angelic form?
'Twas the Angel of his presence,
To protect and shield from harm!

When in gloomy hours of anguish
Thou didst kneel beside the tomb,
And, with gushing tears of sorrow,
Strive to penetrate the gloom;
O! the Angel of his presence
Then was near, divinely near,
And thou heard'st his counsels stealing,
Soft as whispers, to thine ear!

Christian, when the waves of Jordan,
Rolling from the further shore,
Fiercely surge, and dash about thee,
And thou tremblest at their roar ;
Then, O ! then, amid the darkness,
One will linger at thy side ;
Yea, the Angel of his presence
Then will bear thee o'er the tide !

1845.

O N T A R I O .

O N T A R I O ! thy deep-blue wave
Shines in my mem'ry clear to-day ;
I see the shores thy waters lave
In beauty stretching far away.
I see the vessels on thy breast
With snowy sails go speeding on ;
I see the sunset kiss imprest,
And stars appearing, one by one.
O ! beautiful was that wild scene,
And beautiful that stilly night,
When o'er thy waves of glimm'ring sheen
We took of late our westward flight !
In thought how oft I trace the track
We made across thy smooth wave then !
How oft the mind goes hurrying back,
To live that evening o'er again !

1848.

WOUNDING WORDS.

MORE fearful is their sound
Than the quick, sharp, steel-bow's twang ;
And deadlier far the wound
Than that of the serpent's fang ;
And severer far the blow
Than that of the rankling dart,
Bidding the life-blood flow
From the writhing, quiv'ring heart.

Wounds by the pointed steel,
Though deep and severe they be,
We hope to see them heal,
We hope for a remedy ;
But woe to thy frail heart,
If wounded by rankling words !
The keen and growing smart
No room for relief affords !

1844.

CHILDREN DISINTERRED.

Suggested by seeing four children disinterred, and placed
by the side of their mother.

COME, lowly ones, and take your places now
Beside the mother, who so long had wept,
Had mourn'd your absence with an aching brow,
And eyes that stream'd with tears while others
slept ;

Whose heart with Mem'ry oft its vigils kept,
Presenting to her eye each lovely form,
As when around her ye so lightly stept,
Bidding her see once more the smiles so warm,
Which o'er her evening days had shed a hallow'd
charm.

Come, gather round her now ! she had not thought
To see you leave again your mossy tomb—
But ye are rising from that sacred spot ;
The turf is broken—one by one ye come !
Is it to cheer again that lonely home,
From which the sunny smile with you departed ?
O ! I have sat beside that hearth of gloom,
When at your names the fondest tears have started,
And I have wept with them, the lone and broken-
hearted !

And now ye come ! is it to cheer the heart
Of the fond father, with your smiles of love ?
Ye come again ! and is it to impart
A gladness to the home where friends still
move ?

To tread the path where ye were wont to rove—
The path left desolate by wood and dell—

The wildest haunts of streamlet, and the grove ?
To list again the music of their swell,
Which has been sadder far since hearing your
farewell ?

Nay, nay ! ye come not with the laughing eyes,
And ringlets streaming in the sunny air,
And bounding step, that with affection flies
To meet the tender friend, and soothe his care !
Nay, nay ! ye gather slowly, sadly there,
Around your mother with a silent brow,
And naught can wake your wonted smiles so
fair,
Not e'en the richness of the sunset glow,
Which now in sweetness rests on all things here
below.

She welcomes not her children, as they come
To rest beside her, as in days gone by !
That mother—ah ! her brow is dark with gloom,
And dimness, too, hath dimly visited her eye ;
Her breast no more can heave the painful sigh !
Come, rest beside her, free from grief and care,
Together now in darkness sweetly lie !
Ye of the laughing lips and sunny hair,
We leave you to repose in solemn silence there.

1847.

NATURE'S VOICES.

THERE are voices in the moonlight,
Voices in the silent stars,
Voices in the mighty ocean,
Rolling o'er its gems and spars.

Voices all around our pathway,—
In the sunlight, in the shade ;
On the high and rock-crown'd mountain,
In the stillness of the glade.

Voices from the stately forest,
And the lovely moss-cress bright ;
From the broad and mighty rivers,
And the streamlet murm'ring light.

Voices, rising from the flow'ret
Dipt in bright and pearly dew,
From the floating clouds of crimson,
And the skies of azure hue.

Happy, happy they that listen
To these teaching tones of love !
For their strange and gentle whisp'rings
Would direct our hearts above !

1846.

ANGELIC MINISTRIES.

I HAVE heard around my pillow,
When sleep's curtain gently fell,
Strains of music sweetly rising,
Though each earthly voice was still.
Well I knew the angelic numbers,
Well I knew that bright-wing'd band—
For the soul, that never slumbers,
Traced them to the spirit-land.

O ! they raised a song triumphant,
While encompassing my bed ;
And they spread their starry pinions
Over my defenceless head !
Tell me not 'twas but the vision
Of a poor disorder'd brain :
Yonder, in a sphere elysian,
I shall list those notes again.

1842.

THE ANGEL VISITANT.

SHE came when darkness o'er the earth was
reigning,
And Silence spread her gloomy pall around—
Came, when my lonely lamp was slowly waning,
And I had dropp'd my pen in thought profound.
She sat beside me ! Busy recollection
Strove to recall the semblance of that brow :
It was the friend upon whom fond Affection
Had shower'd her burning tears long years ago.
I did not see her with the natural vision ;
But 'twas the soul's deep eye beheld her here :
She seem'd all radiant from the clime elysian,
Where bliss is never follow'd by a tear.
Upon that brow was something far more holy
Than it was wont to wear while here on earth ;
And she had now exchanged her garb so lowly
For one befitting her exalted birth.

How well I recollected the bright gleaming
Of ringlets I had seen in beauty wave !
Well I remember'd, too, the dark eyes beaming,
Which lost their lustre in an early grave.

But she had drank of that pure stream supernal,
Which rises in a land more glorious, fair,
And gazed upon the throne of the Eternal,
Until she seem'd no more the child of care.

She seem'd not as the one whose step of gladness
Was poised awhile on this dark earth of ours ;
She seem'd not as the one who shared my sadness,
And wander'd with me mid the vernal flowers ;

Not as the one who traced with me the wending
Of that bright stream which sparkles o'er the
green,
Or watch'd with me the solemn moon ascending
To reign amid the stars, unrivall'd queen ;

Not as the one who, at the hour of vespers,
Knelt at my side, with eyelids deeply seal'd,
To list with me the low and mystic whispers
Of the *Unseen*, who then his love reveal'd.

And yet I knew her by that sacred token
Of love undying in her soul-lit eyes,
Which told me early ties were still unbroken,
And quite cemented only in the skies.

To my shut senses earthly care soon stealing
Seem'd in harsh terms to chide my long delay ;
A task forgotten to my thought revealing—
My angel visitant had fled away.

1845.

THE ABSENT ONE.

I MISS'D her in the choir,
Where happy faces brightly shone
As if their spirits had caught fire
From an archangel's tone.

Ah ! one was missing there,—
One with a meek, veil'd eye, and brow
Which, in its solemn radiance fair,
Was like the shaded snow :

Whose cheek, transparent, pale,
Reminded you of twilight's sky ;
The flashing hues would come and fail
So strange and rapidly.

Where was that gentle one ?
Where the tall form so lightly frail,
Which, like a tender flower half-blown,
Shrank from the gentlest gale ?

Tell me, thou angel choir !
Giving to God the glory due,
Praising the everlasting Sire ;
Tell me, *Is she with you ?*

1846.

FALLING LEAVES.

MUSING, I stand where late I stood
When summer's sun was high,
And the green foliage of the wood
Thrill'd to the zephyrs' sigh.
A few short weeks have pass'd away,
And, O! how changed the scene to-day!

Where now are all the blossoms fair,
Flowers of the sunny gleam,
Which grew profusely everywhere
Along the forest stream?
Ah! their brief summer-day is o'er,
In these wild dells they bloom no more!

Is not our day of life as brief?
Do we not pass as soon away?
Beholdest thou yon falling leaf,
Traced with the lines of dull decay?
Such is our life—thus do we fade,
And, falling, mingle with the dead.

How fast they come! how thick they fall!
On every breeze they hurry past!
Though some look fresh, behold them all
Hang trembling in October's blast!
Thus is life's tenure feebly frail,
Nor can it bear death's piercing gale.

One at my feet lies trembling here,
Just fallen from yon leafy bough ;
But, from the many myriads there,
Say, wouldst thou miss the lost one now ?
Thus we shall pass life's fitful scene ;
And who shall know that we have been ?

May not the *mind* its impress give
To something that shall not decay ?
May we not bid some thought survive
Long after we have pass'd away ?
Yea, e'en the rustling sound that pass'd
Linger'd awhile upon the blast.

The soul, with all its lofty powers,
Flies like the verdure of the leaf,
And, like the texture of the flowers,
Its garb is woven frail and brief ;
Yet it transcends, in destiny,
The loftiest star that burns on high !

1840.

THE BETTER LAND.

Our earth is bright when hope and spring
Their radiance o'er its bosom throw :
The spirit of beauty on the wing
Amid its landscapes seems to glow !
But there's a land more purely bright,
Which lies beyond our anxious sight,—

A beautiful and holy strand,—
They call it here the “better land.”

This world has treasures for the mind,
Which all may grasp with eager joy,—
Pleasures exalted and refined,
Tho’ not exempt from all alloy ;
But there’s a world of cloudless bliss,
Of deeper, holier happiness,
And tho’ I here with rapture stand,
I long to seek that “better land.”

The earth hath many sorrows too,—
Afflictions deep and trials strange,
Tempests of grief and clouds of woe,
Are hovering o’er this world of change :
But there’s a clime unknown to care,
Forever cloudless, calm, and fair ;
Time’s gloomy shadows never blend
Their darkness in that “better land.”

Here we have friends,—but soon they pass,
Helpless and silent, to the grave,
Like autumn leaves before the blast,
Like blossoms thrown upon the wave :
But there’s a clime where spirits live,
Where stricken hearts no longer grieve—
O, what a pure and tearless band
Await us in that “better land !”

TO A FRIEND.

WHEN wilt thou think of me ?

When the stars at evening shine
With a lustre all divine ;
When the silvery moonlight glows
Round thy pillow of repose,—
Then let it be.

When wilt thou think of me ?

When the dawn of morning light
Pierces through the shades of night,
And the rays of joy and love
Fall commingling from above,—
Then let it be.

When wilt thou think of me ?

At the sacred hour of prayer,
When is hush'd each earthly care,
When thou claimest at the throne
Blessings for each absent one,—
Then let it be.

When wilt thou think of me ?

When thou thinkest of a home,
Far above yon starry dome,
Where these fond farewells are o'er,
And the just shall part no more,—
Then let it be.

I CORINTHIANS II, 9.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into
the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for
them that love him.

HAST thou an eye that loves to trace the charm
That lingers here in nature's fields of light ?
Say, hast thou gazed at the mild sunset calm,
Until thy heart has melted at the sight ?

Lov'st thou to watch, at twilight's sacred hour,
The gorgeous cloud of many a tinted fold ?
And has the moon-lit eve a sacred power
To waken the sublime within thy soul ?

Lies there a charm on the blue wave by night,
Reflecting from its brow the stars above ?
And read'st thou with a deep, untold delight,
In nature's loveliness, a God of love ?

Hast thou an ear to music well attuned,
That catches each harmonious sound below,
And, moving those deep chords so finely strung,
Bids the rich strains of wildest music flow ?

Lov'st thou the sounds which waken in the grove,
Or by the streamlet at the hush of eve,
When unseen hands o'er nature's harp-strings
move,
And garments for the soul of music weave ?

Or has thy fancy, with enlivening rays,
Pictured a world more lovely than our own ?
And dost thou on the beauteous vision gaze
Until thou almost murmurest to be gone ?

Ne'er has thine *eye* beheld aught half so fair
As those bright fields upon that peaceful strand ;
Nor has thine *ear* heard aught which can compare
With the rich anthems of that better land !

Nor has thy *fancy* e'er conceived the bliss
Which, like a flood of light, is resting there ;
Thou canst not find in such a world as this
Aught like the glory that those landscapes
wear.

And askest thou, " Is that bright world for me ?
Shall I behold what *EYE* hath never seen ?
Shall I drink in that gushing melody
Which thus unheard by mortal ear hath been ? "

Ah ! fathom the deep fountain of thy soul !
Do the bright gems of faith lie shining deep ?
Do the rough waves of passion cease to roll,
And in a pleasing silence smoothly sleep ?

And is the messenger of peace—the Dove—
Now brooding o'er its still and bright expanse,
With the clear eye of confidence and love
Directing far from earth its heavenward glance ?

'Tis well!—then thou shalt reach that blissful
clime ;

Then thou shalt gaze upon that glorious river,
And join the ransom'd in a strain sublime,
Drinking the sweetness of its bliss forever.

1846.

REPLY TO A DYING BROTHER.

To the writer he said, "Come with me until I meet my
Saviour."

BROTHER, I've walk'd with thee
Thro' the green path of childhood ; but, alas !
Thou 'st reach'd the borders of a mystic sea,
Thy sister cannot pass.

The one so fondly dear—
Whose step thou hast not miss'd in all thy way,
Who shared thy transport and thy every tear
In youth and infancy—

Must now remain behind,
For thou art launching upon Jordan's wave ;
Divested of its garb, the immortal mind
Now triumphs o'er the grave.

But I am still of earth ;
Mortality has flung its garb round me,
And yet my spirit feels her nobler birth.
Her loftier destiny.

And fain would soar away
With thee, blest one, to thy sweet home of bliss—
O how shall I, the lonely-hearted, stay
In such a world as this !

When thou hast left my side,
Thou guide and counsellor of my early days—
Ah, thro' the path before me, cheerless, wide,
Thro' tears of grief I gaze !

And dost thou linger now
Even in the vale of death, with tender eye
Directed to my own, and clammy brow,
Asking beseechingly,

Why I may not attend
Thy footsteps thro' the dark and shadowy vale ?
I would go with thee, O my dearest friend,
My spirit would not fail ;

But I must tarry here ;
Thy wing is chainless—pass, triumphant one !
Thy course is upward to a holier sphere ;
Mine lies beneath the sun.

Nay, ask me not again,
With that sweet, dying look, and voice so low ;
Thy strange request, my brother, gives me pain—
Thou know'st I cannot go !

But O, thou dying one !
Thou hast a safer Guard, a surer Guide—
For bright-wing'd angels from the Saviour's throne
E'en now are at thy side.

Adieu ! a fond adieu !
And when, like thee, I close my beamless eye,
O then, sweet brother, linger in my view,
And teach me how to die !

1848.

THE OLD CHAPEL.

I stood within the hallow'd dome
Where I had worshipp'd from a child ;
The faces of my early home
Were round me with their wonted smile.

Oft had I wish'd to tread again
Those sacred aisles which erst I trod,
Again my holiest prayers to blend
In that dear temple of my God.

The boon was given,—and now I felt
The glowings of those by-gone years,
When at that altar I had knelt,
And pour'd my supplicating tears.

I thought of friends that worshipp'd there,
Whose places now were vacant seen ;
The young, the beautiful, the fair—
How well-remember'd was their mien !

The aged, too, with locks of snow,
 Were round me with their wintry smile ;
 The middle-aged, I saw them now—
 The harshly stern, the sweetly mild.

I saw them, as I saw them there
 Receive the high baptismal vows—
 I saw them as upon the bier,
 With death-stern silence on their brows.

O, thronging memories ! how ye come
 To make the heart and eyes o'erflow :
 When shall we reach that better home
 Where meeting brings not thoughts of woe ?

1848.

CHARITY.

Charity beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.—1 Cor. xiii, 7.

BEARETH with the oppressor,
 Beareth with the vain,
 Beareth with the aggressor,
 Beareth, too, with pain—
 Beareth with the stubborn will,
 Beareth with the guilty still.

Believeth all that 's written.
 Believeth, doubteth not ;
 Believeth that true wisdom
 Appointeth here thy lot :

Believeth well of erring man,
Believeth all that virtue can.

Hopeth, hopeth ever
With a strength divine,
A purpose naught can sever
From the deathless mind:
Hopeth ever, hopeth on,
Till the sun of life goes down.

Endureth all things, too,
With a patient trust;
Endureth every blow—
Bows meekly to the worst;
Turns away the smitten cheek
But to turn the other back.

1846.

DIVINE CHASTENING ILLUSTRATED.

'Twas mid-day, and the summer's sun was high;
Nature seem'd sick'ning 'neath its burning
glare;
No shadowing clouds were hanging in the sky,
No cooling breath was in the sultry air.
I saw around me no refreshing shade,
No shadowy rocks to screen my naked head;
No cooling breezes fann'd my throbbing brow,—
Languid, I droop'd beneath that fervid glow.

At once a beauteous cloud sail'd through the sky ;
Upward, far upward, towards the sun it flew,
And pausing there, spread its white wings on high,
Veiling that noon-day brightness from my view.
I look'd above, and wept, I knew not why,
Then, kneeling, raised to heaven my tearful eye,
And a sweet thought, that words may ne'er
express,
Awoke a sacred transport in my breast.

I felt, although a helpless child of dust,
I had a Friend—a glorious Friend—on high ;
One who was worthy of my constant trust,
Whose arm was ruling heaven, and earth, and
sky.

O how secure !—that high and Holy One,
Whose hand could curtain the meridian sun,
Was near my path, each footstep to defend,—
Near as my Guide, my Counsellor, and Friend.

And should I murmur when a cloud of gloom
Throws a dark shadow o'er my youthful sky ?
Nay, nay ! let trials and afflictions come—
They are directed by a Friend on high.
He saw, perchance, a prosperous sun would shine
Too bright and clear upon this heart of mine,
And therefore veil'd it, like the natural sky,
Lest I should sicken, faint, and droop, and die.

THE TWO POETS.

UPON a violet bank a happy child
Once laid him down at dewy eve, and slept ;
It was a place of beauty, fresh and wild,
Where fragrant thyme about his forehead crept.

He dream'd : an angel with a wing of fire
Sped thro' the azure firmament above,
Then at his side attuned and placed a lyre,
Saying in tones of tenderness and love,—

“ Child of the earth, thy hand may tune the string,
And wake its numbers for a listening world ;
Choose now with pleasure's votaries to sing,
Or where the Saviour's banner is unfurl'd.”

He look'd—a lowly band had gather'd there,
Far to the right along a narrow way ;
He saw his place among them would be care,
And weary toil, and cheerless poverty.

And next he saw, far to the left, a crowd
Of pleasure-seeking souls, in proud array,
Ready to hail with acclamations loud
Each glowing number of the minstrel's lay.

Again the angel spoke,—“ Fair child, beware !
Upon this choice thy destiny depends—
E'en all the woes of infinite despair,
Or the transcendent bliss that never ends !”

The dreamer woke—his visitant was gone ;
But in his hand he found the ringing lyre,
Amid whose chords his fingers wander'd on,
Until his soul was wrapt with living fire.

And then he sought the crowd at Pleasure's gates,
And pour'd sweet numbers from his wild harp
forth,

Awoke the themes that passion's fire creates,
And sung till he entranced the giddy earth.

He brought his heavenly gift, debased and mean,
And laid it down on an unhallow'd shrine,
With the high soul, whose passions might have
been

Tuned with its chords to music all divine.

Ah ! gifted child of song—who knoweth yet
The blighting influence thou hast left behind !
Although thy sun of life long since has set,
That influence floats upon the sea of mind.

And it can never cease to exert its power,
Till the archangel from that other clime
Shall stand amid the clouds that round us lower,
And in high tones pronounce the end of time.

Another child was laid in rosy sleep,
When the same angel sought his cradle bed,
Bringing a lyre of the same wondrous sweep,
Gave the same warning, and as quickly fled.

Then the fair child awoke and touch'd its chords,
Raising his mild eye to that angel's heaven!
Imploring thence the favour of his God,
Th' inspiring Spirit to his heart was given.

He saw the path of fame,—but turn'd aside
Where the meek followers of the Lamb appear,
And from his sweet harp pour'd a flowing tide
Of melody, their sacred toils to cheer.

He sung of Calvary—immersed that lyre
In the red stream which thenceforth takes its
way ;

And now his soul caught all the secret fire
Which glows upon a seraph's melting lay.

His was a station low and humble here,
No meed was granted by the sons of earth ;
None, save the tribute sweet of Virtue's tear,
And that which men must yield to *honest worth*.

He pass'd away—but still the strains he sung
Invest religion with a hallow'd light ;
And many a soul shall join the ransom'd throng,
Allured and won by him from shades of night.

Who would not live, thou blessed bard, like thee,
To shed a fragrance on the air of time ?
And pour a gush of sacred melody
Which through eternity shall swell sublime ?

ELLEN.

HER's was a fearful death—I saw her die—
Caught her last glance—heard her expiring sigh.
No Saviour smiled upon her dying bed—
No hope was mingled with the tears we shed!
That awful night!—Methinks I see her now—
Cold clammy sweats were glistening on her brow;
Wild with delirium long she struggled there,
Then sunk exhausted as in deep despair.

Reason return'd—she knew that she must die—
No gleam of hope lit up her languid eye;
She whisper'd, “O, thou slighted Lamb of God,
I've grieved thy Spirit, trampled on thy blood:
Canst thou forgive?” she wildly cried, and then
A strange convulsion rack'd her frame again;
Her quivering lips were seal'd in death—the
 prayer,
Half finish'd, trembled and was silenced there.

Oft have I stood, amidst a weeping band,
Around the death-bed of some cherish'd friend;
My stricken heart has bled at every pore,
And I have wept till I could weep no more;
But never have I felt as when I heard,
From Ellen's lips, the latest hopeless word—
Ne'er have I sicken'd with such faint despair,
As when I listen'd to her dying prayer.

EXCELLENCY OF CHRIST.

Jesus is eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, ears to the deaf,
clothing to the naked, food to the hungry, medicine to
the sick, and life to the dying,—BISHOP MORRIS.

ART thou a wanderer in thick darkness here,

With vision clouded by the mists of sin?

Does earth a wilderness of gloom appear,

Where rays of joy and hope are never seen?

Come to that Lord who proffers sight to thee,

The scales shall leave thine eyes, and thou shalt
see ;

Shalt see thy path traced out by heavenly love,

And see the city of thy rest above.

Hast thou in worldly wisdom placed thy trust,

Until thy weary, mis-led feet, must fail?

'Till thou hast deem'd all earthly succour lost,

Or proved each source of help of no avail?

Come to the One who makes the lame rejoice ;

Listen with gladness to the Saviour's voice ;

Obeys his precepts—strength shall then be given

To aid thy footsteps toward the Christian's
heaven.

And is thy sense closed to the sounds of gladness?

Canst thou not list the gospel promise sweet?

To thee is nature seal'd in silent sadness,

Making thy pleasures dull and incomplete?

O come to Him who makes the deaf to hear,
And strains of bliss thy lowly heart shall cheer ;
Sweet sounds shall strike thee, all replete with love,
Breathing like raptures of the blest above.

And art thou naked on this cold, bleak strand ?

Or clad in garb of misery and woe ? .

A wretched wanderer thro' a dreary land,

Where tempests rise, and piercing north winds
blow ?

Come take the robe our Saviour bought for thee,
From every stain by his own blood set free—

'Twill shield thee from the blasts of sin and care,
And for the marriage-feast thy soul prepare.

Or dost thou hunger for substantial food,

Pining for what the world cannot supply,

Till, sick with faintness, thou hast trembling stood,

And fear'd to live, yet dreaded more to die ?

O take the bread of life—'tis freely given,

'Tis proffer'd to thee by the Lord of heaven !

New strength and vigour will that bread impart,

And raise at once thy poor, desponding heart.

Thou dying one, whose pulse is throbbing weak,

Whose hold on life seems to be loosening now ;

Is fear impress'd upon thy sunken cheek,

While death's cold drops are standing on thy
brow ?

Life, even life to thee, I now proclaim—
Eternal life in Jesus' wondrous name—
O take the boon! thy days of pain are o'er,
Thy heaven begun—thou liv'st forevermore!

1848.

STRUGGLE ON.

STRUGGLE on, tho' fierce the tempest,
Tho' the whirlwinds round thee roar,
Tho' the towering billows, rising,
Fiercely dash against the shore;
Tho' thy bark, its course forgetting,
Cruel rocks may dash upon,—
Let the stout heart, unrelenting,
'Mid the darkness, struggle on.

Well I know how fierce thy conflict
With the powers of earth and hell;
And the dangers of thy pathway,
Ah! I know, I know them well—
Yet permit me, while thou 'rt mourning
Every earthly vision flown,—
O, permit me still to whisper,
'Mid the darkness, *struggle on!*

Fare thee well! when I am wandering
In another track of life,
Weary of the ceaseless conflict,
Burden'd with the painful strife;

When the waves across my pathway
Fiercely rush and roar anon,
Let me hear, amid the tempest,
That my friend is struggling on.

1847.

REV. L. D. GIBBS.

“Soldier of Christ, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle’s fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master’s joy.”—MONTGOMERY.

REST, rest, thou champion of the cross, in peace,
Bedew’d by many a tear;
Thy passport has been sign’d—thy quick release
From sublunary care.

O! w’hile thou strik’st the golden lyre above,
Round the eternal throne,
We bring a tribute, of sad thoughts inwove,
To the departed one.

And while thou stand’st on the verge of heaven,
Tracing thy shining track,
We, *we* are thinking of the fond ties riven,
And fain would call thee back.

O selfish love! that would recall the blest
To such a world as ours;
Where sighs are mingling with the fitful blast,
And many a storm-cloud lowers.

O, let them rest ! yet memory loves to turn
 The page of other years ;
Affection traces there fond “ thoughts that burn,”
 And showers them o’er with tears !

That sainted one—methinks I see him now,
 That messenger of peace,
Who walk’d by faith these stormy waves of woe,
 Bidding their tumults cease.

How often have we met in days gone by,
 In joy and sorrow too !
Met in the sunshine of a prosperous sky,
 And ’neath the clouds of woe !

In health and sickness his consoling words
 Have often cheer’d this heart,
And at the loved one’s couch of pain were heard,
 Bidding each doubt depart.

And, O ! when death, unpitying death, had claim’d
 Our brightest and our best,
’Twas then, ’twas then that consolation came,—
 With him a welcome guest.

Once, and again, as we approach’d the grave,
 Bearing the loved away,
He pointed calmly over Jordan’s wave
 To an eternal day.

Those words of consolation, treasured long
 Within the heart's deep cell,
Now live to point us to that ransom'd throng
 Where thou, blest one, dost dwell.

Pastor beloved of other days, adieu !
 We 'll meet on that bright shore
Where the blest streams of consolation flow
 Onward, forevermore.

1847.

TO THE BIBLE.

Guide of the wanderer ! I have been straying,—
 Lost in life's wilderness, long I have roam'd ;
Gladly I turn, and, thy counsels obeying,
 Seek for thy guidance to pilot me home ;
No more would my heart, in its frailty forgetting
 The source of its comforts, be turning aside,—
But, O ! midst the ills that are always besetting
 The pathway of life, I would seek the sure guide.

Light of the shipwreck'd ! On life's stormy ocean
 I have been cast, without compass or chart,
And, O ! midst the tempests and billows' commo-
 tion,

 I press thy fair page to my terror-struck heart ;
I see there's a light, that is sacredly shining
 Along these dark waters, shed ever from thee,
And, O ! when the sun of my life is declining,
 The light of thy precepts my day-star shall be.

Hope of the comfortless! I was despairing
Till thy sweet solace-beam over me stole;
Till I gazed on its radiance thro' darkness appearing,
And felt thy sure promise inspiring my soul.
Now I will lean on this promise when weary,
And seek the support of thy life-giving word:
O, when my pathway grows cheerless and dreary,
I will look for the solace thy pages afford.

1848.

THE DEWY FLOWER.

"O how wet are its leaves!" she said,
As she raised the beautiful flower to my view—
'Twas completely drench'd with the early dew,
And heavily hung down its head.

"I'll dry its soft leaves," said the child,
As she placed it beside the hearth glowing bright;
With petals reflecting the warm, rosy light,
A moment it blush'd and it smiled.

Then it shrank from the scorching blaze
With a tremour at heart—the life-pulse was gone;
In a moment its beauty and fragrance had flown,—
Little Helen look'd on it amazed.

Alas! its short glory had fled:
That beautiful blossom, which open'd at dawn
With its robe of freshness and loveliness on,
Lay wither'd, and faded, and dead.

O ! how like to that simple child
Are we, in pursuit of the pleasures of earth !
We grasp what we deem of intrinsic worth,
And place in the warmth of the heart's glowing
 hearth,
 'Till blighted, and wither'd, and spoil'd.

1845.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

IN groups they gather round,—
And childhood's merry laugh is ringing free,
Making the skies and shady woods resound
 With fitful bursts of glee.

I have been thinking long
Of various paths mark'd out through future life,
Through which the footsteps of that restless
 throng
Will move in doubt and strife.

Ah, some will early die !
Yes, many a beaming eye, and polish'd brow,
And rosy cheek, ere many years pass by,
 Shall moulder cold and low !

I see the funeral bier—
The grave before them in the path they tread,
And many a sigh, and many a scalding tear,
 Around their pillow shed.

And some will still live on,
Till their existence shall a burden prove ;
Till hopes and friends have perish'd, one by one,
And they have naught to love.

Ah ! who shall count the tears,
The weary days and nights of restless strife ?
And who may know the yearning hopes and fears
That throng their path of life ?

But one thing we may know ;
They 're forming characters not yet complete,
And we may help to mould them here below
For an immortal state.

1846.

EVENING SHADOWS.

EVENING shadows softly steal
Through the lattice now,
And a sadness, dark and still,
Falls upon my brow.

Evening shadows—see, they come
With a solemn tread,
Sable mourners by the tomb
Of the daylight fled.

Evening shadows—O, how deep
They are gathering now !
They shall fold their wings in sleep
Darkly o'er my brow.

Evening shadows—ye shall fly
When the morn shall come ;
Daylight in the orient sky
Shall disperse your gloom.

1847.

IN MEMORY OF DAVID BLISH.

The propeller Phoenix was burned on the 21st of November, within a short distance of Sheboygan. Mr. Blish was among the sufferers. When some of the passengers left for the shore in a small boat, he assisted in putting the captain on board, and himself voluntarily remained behind.

O, 'Twas a generous deed ! too noble far
To be exalted by a lay like mine :
His name in light, undying, like a star,
In its own lustre should forever shine !

He gave his life his fellow-man to save—
What human heart could prompt an act more
high ?

Rescued the wretched from the fire and wave,
And condescended in their stead to die.

He perish'd on the deep,—away, away
From the fond hearts that knew and prized
him here ;

His memory oft, at dawn and close of day,
Shall prompt the rising sigh, the falling tear !

And oft they 'll think, Could we have linger'd near
 His peaceful couch when he grew pale in death ;
 Could we have wept above his sable bier ;
 Could we have listen'd to his parting breath,—
 Then, then the stroke had far more lightly come !
 But O, to have him thus with strangers die,
 By fire consumed, or wrapt in billowy foam,
 And know his dirge-notes are the wild wind's
 sigh !

But with the mourner's grief the thought shall
 come
 Of the high deed that moved his generous heart ;
 This, this shall whisper solace through the gloom,
 And bid full many a rising shade depart.

O, 'twas a generous deed ! too noble far
 To be exalted by a lay like mine !
 His name in light, undying, like a star,
 In its own lustre shall forever shine !

1848.

SPIRITUAL CALMNESS.

Our spirits may dwell on the mountain summit, above the
 pathway of storms.—*Extract from a Letter.*

HAST thou stood upon the summit
 Of a mountain huge and high,
 As the tempest, wild careering,
 In its might went thundering by ?

Murky vapours rolled beneath thee,
And the rains fell fast below,
But thou sat'st above their pathway,
In the sunbeam's richest glow.

Thus the soul may have its dwelling
On the mount of holiness ;
Basking in perpetual sunshine,
Joying in eternal peace—

Still unhurt by earthly sorrow,
Undisturb'd by care or woe,
While the spirit of the tempest
Spends its violence below.

1848.

MY MOTHER.

FONDLY now my thoughts are turning
Towards my mother's distant home,
While the evening stars are burning
Far in yon bright azure dome.

O how soft are memories stealing
O'er my melting heart to-night !
What a depth of tender feeling
Bids the tear bedew my sight !

Mother ! O, that name I cherish
Closely, closely in this heart !
Shall its sweetness ever perish ?
Shall its music e'er depart ?

True, my heart is fondly clinging
To another spirit now,
And the light of love is flinging
All its brightness round my brow—

Yet, my mother, never, never
Shall this heart forget *thy love*,
'Till the hand of death shall sever,
'Till I seek my home above!

Mother! do fond mem'ries, rushing,
Bid thee think at eve of me?
O, the tears are wildly gushing,
As thy child remembers thee!

1848.

THE BLIND HUSBAND.

COME nearer, love, and sit thee down,
And lay thy gentle hand in mine,
And smile, my beautiful, my own,
With that soft air, that look benign!

I may not gaze upon thy face,
I may not meet thy speaking eye—
Yet, well I know each gentle grace
Doth on thy placid features lie.

I know there's beauty in the rose,
By the sweet fragrance that it yields;
I know *thy* lip with love-light glows,
By the sweet bliss it bids me feel.

What though to me is here denied
The sacred boon to mortals given ;
Yet O, my own, my lovely bride,
I'll gaze upon thy face in heaven !

1848.

“THOU SHALT SEE GREATER THINGS.”

JOHN i, 50.

“AND dost thou now believe, because I tell thee
I saw thee there beneath those shadowy trees
When thou didst think no mortal eye beheld thee ?
Ah ! thou shalt see far greater things than
these ;

If with my little band thou followest me,
Wonders on wonders thou shalt surely see.

“The winds, at my command, thou shalt behold
Sink into silence, and a calmness sleeping
Upon the wave that high with madness roll'd,
While tempests wild upon its breast were
sweeping.

Winds, waves—at once are hush'd at my com-
mand ;

Earth, earth and heaven are subject to my hand.

“Nor only shalt thou see the tempest's strife
Sink into calmness when I speak the word ;
The dead—the dead shall waken into life,
The grave shall listen when my voice is heard,

And heaven shall answer,—when I pray aloud
The Father's voice shall echo thro' the cloud.

“ And thou shalt see me conqueror o'er the grave,
Breaking its iron grasp with mighty power,
Opening a way through Jordan's stormy wave,
Where thou mayest follow in thy latest hour ;
And when these fearful bands of death are riven,
Thou shalt behold me as thy *Judge in heaven.*”

1846.

CHEERING THOUGHTS.

WHEN the world looks cold and drear,
And the spirit, sad and lone,
In its restless wanderings here,
Catches no responsive tone ;
When our search is all in vain
For some link of sympathy,
O ! how sweet to think e'en then,
There is *one* who feels with me !

When upon life's dreary waste
Friendship proves itself untrue ;
When a blighting change has past
O'er the warmest hearts we knew ;
When harshness, with its cruel power,
Bids the heart's deep fountain swell ;
Sweet to know, in such an hour,
There is *one* who loves me well !

When beside the altar kneeling,
At the sacred hour of prayer ;
When a light from heaven is stealing,
Shedding its effulgence there :
Sweet, indeed, at such an hour,
When upon the bended knee
Comes this thought, with thrilling power,
'There is *one* who prays for me !

1847.

MRS. REV. E. PEASE.

How peaceful was her death-bed scene—
How calm she yielded up her breath !
With what a quiet air serene
She turn'd away, and slept in death !
Mark'd ye the joy that lit her eye
When near the portal of the tomb ?
Caught ye the holy ecstasy
That swell'd her heart amid the gloom ?
Heard ye her deep, impassion'd tone,
Which bade thee list a music strain,
When bright-wing'd angels from the throne
Were thronging round her bed of pain ?
She died—if we may call it death
To enter on eternal life—
To yield this short, this fleeting breath,
And pass beyond earth's weary strife.

She died—does not her influence seem,
Like yonder sun-rays in the west,
Which long upon our vision stream
After the sun has sunk to rest ?

The righteous dead ! Ah, unto us
Their sacred memory is given,
To raise the thoughts which cling to dust,
And fix our brightest hopes in heaven !

1847.

RESIGNATION.

I've often wish'd to sleep in death,
To yield this fleeting, transient breath ;
Early to bid farewell to earth—
Its bustling cares and trifling mirth,
Its noisy grief, its tinsel'd show,
And all these changing scenes below.

I've wish'd to sleep beside the bed
Of those, the loved, the early dead ;
O, near that spot I long to rest,
With the cold earth upon my breast,—
Where the sweet rose at Theron's head
Would scatter fragrance round my bed.

My soul has long'd to wing her way
To those unfading realms of day ;
To join that full, harmonious choir,
And strike the seraph's burning lyre,

Where earthly shades may never fling
Their darkness round me while I sing.

Irksome, indeed, has been the chain
That binds me to this world of pain ;
That binds my pinion'd spirit here
When it would seek a holier sphere—
Would leave this dull, this earthly clod,
And seek the temple of its God !

But God is here—then wherefore roam ?
'Twas he who made this world my home ;
'Twas he who cast my lot on earth ;
From him my soul derived its birth—
O, then, let me submit, and know
That he shall guide my steps below.

Be this my wish, be this my care,
To fill my allotted station here
With quiet and submissive heart ;
To meekly strive to act my part,
And wait till Jesus bid me come,—
Wait till my Father takes me home.

1845.

THE RON.

THE moon shines not so tranquil,
The stars are not so bright,
The sky not half so radiant,
Since Theron took his flight.

The bird sings not so sweetly,
The balmy zephyr's breath
Is not so full of music,
Since Theron slept in death.

The flowers are not so lovely
That open to the day,
Nor are they half so fragrant,
Since Theron pass'd away.

1845.

THE FIRST FLOWER OF SPRING.

SOFTLY the morn-beams through shadows are
stealing,
Brightening the diamonds that hang on each
spray ;
Spring's sweetest charms in its radiance revealing,
Quickening the life-pulse along my way.

The robin doth greet me with wild, wild hymnings,
Bearing aloft his Creator's praise ;
But what to me are all nature's bright limnings ?
And what to me are the wood-bird's lays ?

One sweet attraction now spell-bound holds me ;
One object claims my attention now—
Though Spring with its beautiful wings enfold me,
My heart is dead to aught else below.

From the moss-edged fountain it sweetly rises,—
A flower, *a flower* like a starry gem;
Through the dewy leaves it beams forth in
brightness,
Fair as a princely diadem!

O, the first spring flower! how it prompts the
gushing
Of feelings deep, pent up in the heart;
Thrills of delight through its fibres are rushing,
As when the gale breathes through the wild-
wind harp.

How many the thoughts from darkness up-
springing,
Which raise the heart's aspirations to God,
As I gaze on this flower, its sweet perfume
flinging
As it meekly rests on the dewy sod.

Thus, when some new-born hope is unfolding,
Like this sweet flow'ret, our pathway to cheer;
Thus do we gaze, and, its beauties beholding,
Turn from the glories that linger elsewhere.

And thus doth it raise the heart's adoration,
Thus doth it lift the tried spirit above,
And prompt us to bring a sacred oblation—
A grateful heart to the altar of love.

THE LONE SURVIVER.

I SAW the last tree of the wood,
Where late a thousand strong-arm'd stood,
 How sad it look'd to me !
The last of all that lofty race,
Alone it held its dreary place—
 Thou art like that lone tree.

I saw a bird which linger'd here
Till Autumn's breath grew chill and drear,
 And every wing had flown—
And thus thou tarriest, lone and sad,
Though all thy friends have long since fled—
 Thou'rt like that lingerer lone.

I saw the last leaf, trembling, pale—
Long did the rough and whistling gale
 That single dry leaf fan !
How sad in loneliness it hung,
Where late so many closely clung !—
 Thou'rt like that leaf, dear man.

E'en now the last pale, faded rose,
Sheds its white petals to repose,
 Where all the first decay—
Thou lone survivor, see them fall,
The last, the very last of all—
 Thus thou wilt drop away !

TEACHER'S FAREWELL.

YE gentle ones, farewell !

Now we must part ;

Affection's fountains swell

Deep in my heart.

Your study hours have sped—

Sweetly they pass'd ;

Each hour of prayer has fled—

This is the last.

Come, gather round me now,

Sing the last hymn,

And reverently bow

The knee to Him,

'Neath whose protecting care

We live and move ;

And seek, in earnest prayer,

His constant love.

I ask not, as we part,

One thought for me,—

Though cherish'd in my heart

Your forms shall be :

But when, in after life,

Your weary lot

Is mark'd with care and strife,

And I'm forgot ;

When o'er the stormy flood
Your bark is driven,
Think of your teacher's God,
Your teacher's heaven.

1844.

“FEED MY LAMBS.”

JOHN xxi, 15.

SHEPHERDS of the fold of God,
Which he purchased with his blood,
Hark! a voice is echoing round—
Listen, listen to the sound:
“Feed my lambs.”

In a wilderness they stray,
In a wild and desert way;
They are famishing for food—
Shepherds of the living God,
“Feed my lambs.”

Give them food that shall endure,
Give them waters running pure;
Lead them into pastures green,
Where the living streams are seen—
“Feed my lambs.”

See, the Saviour stands before you;
See, his arms of love are o'er you;

Hark his voice in tones of love,
Which the hardest heart could move ;
“ Feed my lambs.”

Those who bear my impress here,
Lambs that roam this desert drear—
How they pant for living streams,
Where eternal sunshine gleams !
“ Feed my lambs.”

1847.

FAREWELL TO SPRING.

SWEET Spring, is thy departure near ?
And dost thou pass so soon away ?
Is this thy farewell voice I hear—
Thy last sweet note of melody ?
Is this thy last sweet farewell smile
That sheds its radiance round me now ?
Is this thy last sweet balmy breath
That gently fans my anxious brow ?

It is, sweet Spring ! Farewell—farewell !
We may no longer hold thee here—
E'en now I hear thy sounding knell,
And see thee on thy passing bier.

'Twas ere this heart knew aught of grief,
Or wept, save for my short-lived flowers—
'Twas then, sweet Spring, I wept for thee,
'Twas then I mourn'd thy fleeting hours.

But now I've learn'd that happiness
Is not alone confined to Spring ;
And that our purest, highest bliss
Is borne not on the zephyr's wing.

The flowery seasons come and go,
The vernal zephyrs pass away ;
But flowers of thought no death can know,
And sweets of love can ne'er decay.

1843.

FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

CHARMER of by-gone days,
I part with you !
A silent tear-drop strays,
Adieu, adieu !

Thou hast linger'd near me
Through happy hours ;
Thy tones were wont to cheer me
Among the flowers.

Often couldst thou beguile
My heart of care,
Bidding all nature smile
Sweetly and fair.

Then, wherefore should we part,
Friend of my soul ?
And why should not my heart
Thy strings control ?

Because it faints and droops,
Weary with care !
Because earth's flowery hopes
Shut everywhere !

The sober way of life
Opens before me,
And tempests, loud with strife,
Are bursting o'er me.

Adieu ! for we must part,
Friend of my soul !
No longer can my heart
Thy chords control !

April, 1848.

TWO SMOTHERED CHILDREN.

THEIRS was not the peaceful death-bed,
Where affection's silent tears,
O'er the couch of pain fast falling,
Blend with deep responsive prayers ;

Where the hand of fond affection
Feels each painful, struggling breath ;
Catching every throb of anguish,
Till the heart grows cold in death.

Nay, their death was strangely fearful !
No fond parent closed their eyes,
And no voice of pity answer'd
To their feebly moaning cries !

And no mother bent above them,
With affection's sacred tear ;
She who would have died to save them,
In that hour could not be near !

Death is dismal when the parting
Is not clouded over thus ;
When we see, amid its terrors,
Looks of fondness and of trust.

Dying looks—O, how we prize them !
How we bind them to the heart !
And the feeblest, flattering accent,
Cannot from our ears depart.

Death is fearful when his signet
On the brow is gently placed ;
When, amid the lines of sorrow,
Thoughts of sweetness may be traced.

But to have the fondly cherish'd
Pass without the last farewell—
This is sorrow, this is anguish,
That the heart may never tell !

1848.

THE CHARMS OF AUTUMN.

A MELLOW haze is hanging now
Its shadowy veil athwart the sky ;
Voices of autumn, strange and low,
Go murmuring by.

The verdure now has pass'd away,
With which the forest late was clad;
The leaves have each a yellow ray,
All brightly sad.

And o'er the shrub that hangs its head,
And o'er the sweet-brow'd blossom too,
The Autumn's spirit seems to shed
A chasten'd hue.

A murm'ring strain is waking now,
And chilly zephyrs start around,
While the ripe fruit, from every bough,
Falls to the ground.

A stillness gathers o'er the hill,
As in the chamber of the dead;
For Summer's throbbing pulse is still,
Its life all fled.

And Autumn, o'er her sombre bier,
Hangs a dark wreath of tangled vines,
And drooping flowers, all faded, sear,
Which Sadness twines.

Autumn, thy charms are like the smile
On the cold features of the dead!
They leave a soothing solace, while
Our tears are shed.

TWO ROSES.

THE roses that you gave me, dear,
I twined their stems together ;
And laid them, in their beauty here,
And loveliness, to wither.

And thus, methinks, like them, like them,
These close-link'd hearts of ours
Will twine, till, as life's day grows dim,
We wither like the flowers.

1848.

THE MISSIONARY.

'Twas a beautiful spot where they laid him to rest,
'Neath the shade of the broad-leaf'd palm ;
Where the wild rose hung its bright head o'er
his breast,
And the zephyr was loaded with balm.

He had gone from his home to that distant shore
For a down-trodden race to toil ;
But his mission is ended, his labours are o'er,
And he sleeps on a foreign soil,—

Sleeps where the odours, that float o'er his tomb,
Are so fraught with diseases and death,
That his partner has fled to her childhood's home,
To escape from their poisonous breath.

Yet rest, though no tear o'er thy pillow may fall,
In that far distant place of repose ;
Rest, where the lonely sea-bird's call
Is heard when the ocean-wind blows.

It is nothing to thee where thy ashes rest,
For thy warfare on earth is now o'er ;
And thy spirit has gone to its home with the blest,
On that happy and heavenly shore.

1846.

“THY BROTHER SHALL RISE AGAIN.”

WHEN shall he rise ?

Not when sleeping flowers awake,
And streamlets from their bondage break,
And vernal zephyrs, free of wing,
Their new-born sweetness round us fling ;
While Nature's tones, he loved so well,
Around his lowly pillow swell—
Not then shall he awake.

When shall he rise ?

Not when round his native hearth
Mingle former tones of mirth ;
Nor when something whispers lone
Of a step—a look—a tone ;
Nor when tears, that fondly swell,
Show he is remember'd well—
Not then shall he awake.

When shall he rise ?

Not when near his grassy tomb
Fond Affection sits in gloom ;
When the stifling sigh is heard,
And the cold night air is stirr'd
By the passionate tones that break
From the heart to call him back—
Not then shall he awake.

When shall he rise ?

When the blue heavens, like a scroll,
Backward in their darkness roll ;
When the stars shall fall away,
And the sun grow dark at day ;
When the trumpet's voice shall sound,
Trembling far along the ground—
Then, then shall he awake.

1847.

HON. SILAS WRIGHT.

BRING no autumnal flowers,
To scatter sadly o'er his silent bier ;
Hopes, *hopes* that grew in Freedom's sacred
bowers,
We bind in darkness here !
And let no sable pall—
None, save the starry flag—his form enfold :
Those blazon'd stars around his dust shall fall
As its broad stripes unroll.

And touch no chords of woe—
We need no dirge our troubled hearts to thrill !
The sound that toll'd his exit from our shore
Is pealing onward still.

Warm are the tears we shed,
And deep the anguish that has brought us low ;
Our Country mourns for her illustrious dead,
And sits in weeds of woe.

And Freedom's Eagle now—
Whose restless flight is ever onward, higher—
Pauses above his ashes, cold and low,
And folds his wings of fire.

And hark his plaintive wail,
His piercing shriek upon each breeze of air !
It echoes far—nor shall it cease to swell
For many a lengthen'd year.

1847.

TO MISS S. M. G.

Why is it that my thoughts turn back to thee
From this, my distant home ?
Why is it that thy memory follows me
Where'er I roam ?
I knew thee not in girlhood's buoyant hours,
When happiest thoughts are born ;
I wander'd not with thee through smiling flowers
In childhood's morn.

Then wherefore should my heart send back to
thine

Its earnest throbbings now,
While sad'ning thoughts of friends I've left
behind

Steal o'er my brow ?
We met and parted—well thou know'st the day !
The skies were dark above,
And from this breast had just been torn away
Bright links of love.

Then I stood lonely 'mid that stranger train,—
No sister's smile was there ;
But thou didst throw around my heart a chain
'T will ever wear.

A kindness, which this heart knew how to prize,
Was lavish'd there on me—
I had not hoped to find beneath the skies
Such sympathy !

Yet, not for this alone I love thee now ;
Ah ! not for this alone
Do I remember thee with thankful brow,
While sad winds moan—
I knew the kindness which thou didst impart
To one than life more dear,
Kindness which cast around the wanderer's heart
A ray to cheer,

For this I love thee! and however far
Distance or time divide—
However long my devious wanderings are,
However wide—
I never, *never*, can such deeds forget :
Oft, oft shall flying years
Bring back the thoughts, which make my eyes
grow wet
With grateful tears.

1847.

A RESPONSE.

Our hearts were made for each other, and they shall throb
together.—*Extract from a Letter.*

YES, they shall throb together,
With the same deeply fervid glow,
Through scenes of happiness and woe,—
In bright and stormy weather.

O! they shall thrill the same
At pure Religion's holy shrine,
And catch a transport all divine
At Jesus' sacred name.

This heart shall always feel
The same delight that moves thine own—
The rapturous gush, the mystic tone,
Deep through its fibres steal.

The softly whispering breeze,
The floating crimson of the sky,
The laughing riv'let warbling by,
The sound of rustling trees,—

All, all shall strike the same
Deep-felt emotion through each breast,
And both shall share the same unrest,
The same unearthly flame.

O, they shall throb together!
The sweet delight, which thrills one heart,
Shall bid the quick'ning pulses start,
And tremble through the other.

1847.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

ANOTHER *gem*, that shone with purest ray,
Has left its casket to death's dire decay :
'Twas taken, by the Prince of Bethlehem,
From its bleak bed beneath our stormy sky,
To glisten in his glorious diadem
While an eternity is rolling by.

An early *flower* before us seem'd to fade,
And in the dust its beauteous form we laid ;
Yet 'twas transplanted from life's cold parterre,
To flourish sweetly in a purer clime,
Where are no weeds of sin, and earthly care,
Nor clouds of woe, nor blighting mists of time.

A dove of earth has spread his pinions soft,
And from our vision gently soar'd aloft ;
And now he spreads his wings on those blest
 plains,

Where birds of Paradise forever sing—
Where an eternal noon of beauty reigns,
To gild the flowery, everlasting spring.

Ye, who have call'd that brilliant *gem* your own ;
Ye, on whose hearts its transient lustre shone ;
Ne'er to be shrouded by the gloom of death,
It beams with glory now forever sure !
O, would ye dim its brightness by the breath
Of sordid love, which ever stains the pure ?

Ye, who have nursed in tenderness the flower,
O ! would ye take it from its heavenly bower ?
How could ye shield it from the stormy wind,
Or nurture well its soft, unfolding charms ?
He who has snatch'd it from a world of sin,
Will keep it safe in his protecting arms !

Ye, who have mourn'd so much your bright-
 wing'd dove,

Behold, he flutters near the throne of love !
Ye would not call him thence—he laves his
 wings

In those immortal founts, which rise so clear !
Ye would not call him thence—the song he sings
Is blent with voices of a purer sphere !

THE GRAVE-YARD.

IN its sacred enclosure
How quiet they sleep!
How blest is their slumber,
Unbroken and deep!

The storms, in their fierceness,
May rave round the spot;
But their loud, dismal wailings
Awaken them not!

The world passes on
In its ardour and strife,
But unheeded by them
Is the clangour of life.

The wildness of passion—
That, wave after wave,
Dash'd over their spirits—
Is hush'd in the grave.

The grave-yard—the grave-yard!
Imposingly dread
Is the unbroken silence
Which reigns o'er the dead!

Fond Memory may linger
O'er days which have gone;
Affection may call—but
They heed not her tone!

Our tears cannot wake them,
Nor sighs break their rest;
In vain do we weep
O'er the passionless breast.

In this sacred enclosure
Still quiet they sleep ;
And blest is their slumber,
Unbroken and deep !

1845.

THEY ARE PASSING.

THEY are passing—they are passing ;
Friends I left in all their bloom !
Every breeze from home is wafting
Some new triumph of the tomb !
O, how many happy faces,
Shining once around me there,
Now are with the bands of angels
In heaven's glorious mansions fair !

They are dying—they are dying !
Those we loved in years gone by ;
Those whose names, like thoughts of childhood,
Seem like music from the sky :
Those, the sainted, and the aged,
Who were lingerers on our shore—
Ah ! their counsels, fraught with wisdom,
Ne'er on earth shall reach us more !

They are fading—they are fading !
 Those—the beautiful and young—
 Who with us began life's journey,
 And whose memory round us clung ;
 Who have oft been in our visions
 Since we left their happy band—
 Now, how many seem to beckon
 From that distant spirit-land !
 They are falling—they are falling,
 Like the autumn flowers that die !
 Like the leaflets of the forest,
 Which e'en now are rustling by !
 I shall meet them—I shall meet them,
 When, like them, I fall in death ;
 In the spirit-land I'll greet them,
 Far from Time's bleak, withering breath !

1848.

A VOICE FROM AFRICA.

Come over and help us.—BIBLE.

HARK ! a voice is on the gale,
 So shrill and clear ;
 Its wild accents cannot fail
 To pain thine ear !
 Lo ! a hand across the seas
 Beckons to you !
 A banner, flung upon the breeze,
 Appears in view !

And fainting hearts, that hold it up,
Sink one by one—
In that dark clime each rising hope
With them goes down!

Listen to that despairing cry
From a dark host!
Listen! ere every wind shall sigh,
“Forever lost!”

1847.

MY MOTHER.

I'm thinking of my Mother
In this sad, dismal hour,
When stormy winds and rains come down
With chilling, wintry power.

I think how oft in autumn,
When winds blew wild and cold,
“We gather'd round our mother's knee,”
To hear some story told.

I'm thinking of my Mother—
How pleasantly she smiled!
I mark'd her cheerfulness of soul,
When I was but a child.

And then in days of weariness,
That came in after years,
I saw her struggling calmly on
Amid submissive tears.

I'm thinking of my Mother—

O! as her days shall wane,
What feeling heart shall share her grief?
What hand shall soothe her pain?

Sure, if to any one on earth
My gratitude is due,
My Mother, for thy care and love,
It is, it is to you!

Oct., 1848.

TO MELISSA.

FRIEND of my school-days, adieu!

I will think of thee oft when away;
And Mem'ry those scenes shall renew
That are bright in my fancy to-day.

I see thee as when we met
In the joyous years gone by;
When flowers with dew-drops were wet,
And no shadow had dimm'd our sky.

When Hope on thy forehead was bright,
And Affection's gem shone there—
Thine eye has lost none of its light,
Thy brow is still lovely and fair!

Friend of my school-days, adieu!
Our ties of endearment are riven!
If we never shall meet here below,
Let us meet in yon beautiful heaven!

ANGEL MINISTRIES.

Do the spirits reigning there,
On those plains divinely fair,
Think of those who dwell below ?
Do they feel for hearts that pour
Tear-drops on life's rugged shore,
While we walk in "weeds of woe ?"

And do they attend the just,
When their fervent, only trust
Rests upon the Saviour's name ?
When with joyful hearts we soar,
Feel, and wonder, and adore,—
Do they share our wondrous flame ?

Yes, in sorrow's trying hour,
When we feel the tempest's power,
They are near to lead us on ;
And at times of rapturous joy,
When no trouble can annoy,
They are ever gazing down.

PENITENT'S OFFERING.

LUKE vii, 37-50.

THERE beam'd from her downcast eyes
A faintly trembling trust,
But her heart, with its load of guilt,
Was heavily weigh'd to the dust.

She came with her burning tears,
Came to the Saviour's feet,
And offer'd with trembling fears
Those costly odours sweet.

And she found the boon she sought—
The forfeited favour of Heaven ;
How thrill'd her sorrowing heart
At the words, " Thy sins are forgiven !"

Reader ! go, seek thou the spot
Where she of Magdala knelt—
Thy heart is not harder than hers,
Nor deeper imbued with guilt.

What though thou mayest not bring
Sweet perfume from Araby's wood !
A treasure, more costly, is thine
To present through the " speaking blood."

Place, low at thy Saviour's feet,
Thy spirit's quenchless fires—
The thoughts of thy kindling soul,
Thy deep, untold desires !

Now, on this hallow'd shrine,
Pour the rich treasure forth :
" Forgiveness " shall be thine,
And " Peace " of intrinsic worth.

Thine offering of incense, then,
To Heaven shall sweetly rise ;
For the humble and contrite heart
Our God will not despise.

1846.

TO ALMIRA.

WHEN the sun, declining,
Whispers his adieu ;
When the stars are shining
On yon scroll of blue ;
When the breezes whisper
Softly round thy way ;
At the hour of vesper,
O, remember me !

1847.

TO A DYING IMPENITENT.

ETERNITY—upon its fearful verge,
With trembling spirit, thou art lying now ;
Ready to plunge into the rolling surge
Which dashes its cold spray-drops on thy brow !
Tremendous thought ! that life's last, closing
hour
Is flitting past thee with a rapid flight ;
That Hope's declining star may never pour
Upon thy way again its trembling light !

O, what is time ? An island mid the swell
Of an unbounded and eternal flood !
Thou 'rt launching from it—Now, O ! now
'twere well
To rest upon the “ bosom of thy God ! ”

1847.

A WALK TO THE GRAVE-YARD.

I WANDER'D forth : the air was still,
A blue mist hung around the hill,
And Autumn's sun was low :
My pathway through the forest led,
And showers of crimson leaves were shed
From every glowing bough.

Musing upon the dying leaf,
The fading flowers' existence brief,
I reach'd the place of graves ;
Where silence ever reigns profound,
Save when, with a low, sighing sound,
The long grass sadly waves.

I read upon the sculptured stone
Of those who faded, one by one,
Before their youth had fled :
I wept above the loved and lost,
Who wither'd 'neath a summer frost,
And with the flowers lay dead !

Those who, like yonder leaves, grow bright,
And, glowing with unnatural light,
 Pass'd on the winds of death—
O, autumn leaves! how bright ye are,
All trembling in the lonely air,
 Floating on every breath!

The forest trees are lonely now,
The foliage drops from ev'ry bough,
 But Spring shall all restore;
And the sweet flowers, that with'ring lie,
Shall wake with the first zephyr's sigh,
 When Winter's reign is o'er.

And, O! the dead—the precious dead—
Who slumber in their dreamless bed,
 Shall they not be restored?
If flowers and leaves come forth with Spring,
O, let us trust death's conquering King,
 And rest upon his word!

1847.

THE NEW YEAR.

WELCOME, New Year! thou hast a gloomy brow,
And yet methinks there's gladness in thine
 eye:
Come take thy station by our pathway now,
Numb'ring our moments as they hurry by.

New friend, we greet thee with a solemn feeling!
Though thou hast brought us hopes of a bright
hue,

A pensive sadness through the heart is stealing,
Just as we bid the flying year adieu!

We think of joys borne on its wing away ;
We think of friends whom it hath parted far—
O, the heart's purest pleasures may not stay,
They are more fleeting than those moments
were!

We think of hours, for our improvement given,
Fled, fled forever from our grasp on earth ;
Of blessings which have spread the wing for
heaven—
Those that we deem'd of high and lasting
worth.

New Year! we turn our longing eyes to thee,
Resolved, as thou shalt measure, one by one,
Our moments, hast'ning to eternity,
We will improve them as we ne'er have done!

Then pass along, and leave us on the shore
Of this rude world, to struggle with the
waves ;

Or, ere thy fleeting moments shall be o'er,
Steal our last breath, and wander o'er our
graves.

O, if our spirits' trust shall be above,

Vainly thy tempests round our path shall roar!
Our bulwark stronger than thy storms shall prove,
The Lord shall be our fortress and our tower.

Welcome, New Year! thou hast a gloomy brow,
And yetmethinks there's gladness in thine eye:
Come, take thy station by our pathway now,
Numb'ring our moments as they swiftly fly!

Jan. 1st, 1848.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

THEY tell us that childhood's earliest tears
And sorrows are but brief—
But a gloom is cast o'er future years
By the first cloud of grief.

I remember well, at childhood's morn,
When the dewy flowers were bright,
Ere sorrow had placed a single thorn
Beneath my footsteps light—

From my mirthful haunts I turn'd away
At a sister's farewell tone,
And wept that she who had shared my play
Had left me sad and lone.

And if I join'd in my brothers' mirth
With laughter loud as their own,
There still was sadness around our hearth—
Whispering of something gone!

How oft at even I roam'd abroad,
When it seem'd that her own mild eye
Look'd down from the floating sunset cloud,
In the gorgeous summer sky !

O ! tell me not that childhood's tears
And sorrows are but brief ;
There's darkness cast o'er coming years
By the first cloud of grief.

1842.

A LOST SPIRIT.

WE stood around the bier,
And many wept a dearly loved one taken ;
Yes, many a sigh and many a falling tear
Bespoke a heart forsaken.

And wherefore do they mourn ?
A blank was at the fireside he had left,
For Death stole by, at manhood's early morn,
And made a home bereft.

They wept that he was gone ;
Mourn'd for the happy hours forever fled—
Ah ! many a heart, left desolate and lone,
Wept for the early dead.

Tears will be shed in gloom
When kindred ties by death are rudely sever'd ;
But O, what tears shall mourn the fearful doom
Of a spirit lost forever !

1847.

THE MEMORY OF HOME.

“So passionately and deep does it steal over my heart,”
observed a friend, “that often, often, when away among
strangers, have I wept when the dusk of evening came on.”

Beside the stranger's hearth I wept,
When twilight through the lattice crept ;
For with each softening shade of gloom,
There stole a tender thought of home.

I saw again that fire-side bright,
All glowing in affection's light ;
A father's reverend form was there,
I heard once more his voice in prayer.

Brothers and sisters circled round,
In ties of sacred sweetness bound—
A happy group at close of day,
My thoughts were with them far away.

My mother's song at twilight hour
Came with its soft, subduing power,
A hallowing influence round me fell,
I wept with feelings none may tell.

Sweet home ! thy memories, fondly deep,
Within the heart their vigils keep,
Forever haunting with their tone
The banished exile's pathway lone.

Beneath the stranger's roof he weeps,
When darkness round his forehead creeps ;
For with each sad'ning shade of gloom
There steals a thrilling thought of home.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

Mariner, on the sea of life,
Are the tempests loud with strife ?
Tremblest thou in wild alarm,
Fearful of the gathering storm ?
He who once those billows rode,
Says to thee, " Have faith in God."

Traveller ! in a desert way,
Weary, lonely, dost thou stray,
With a heart oppressed with fear,
Shrinking from some danger near ?
He who once thy pathway trod,
Says, " Have faith ! have faith in God."

Mourner ! bending sad and lone,
O'er the death-recording stone,
Weeping for the loved and blest,
Who have gently sunk to rest ;
He who burst from death's abode
Says to thee, " Have faith in God."

Afflicted one ! oppressed with pain,
Dost thou of thy lot complain ?

Thinkest thou too hard the blow,
Or, too sad thy lot below?
He, who bowed beneath the rod,
Bids thee still "have faith in God."

Weary and desponding one,
By thy dreadful crimes undone,
Are thy faults still unforgiven—
Calling for the wrath of Heaven?
He, who spilt for thee his blood,
Tells thee to "have faith in God."

Christian, dost thou dread the grave?
Fearest thou cold Jordan's wave?
As the waters nearer roll,
Does their darkness fright thy soul?
He who cross'd that billowy flood
Whispers now, "Have faith in God!"

1845.

THE OLD ROCK.

"Twas here with my brother
In childhood I played,
On this white, smooth rock,
In the elder's shade.

This spot is the same
Where we strolled side by side;
But alas, alas!
All has changed beside.

That fair-haired child
Had a dimpled cheek,
And an eye half-veiled
In its quietness meek.

But a fearful change
Has passed over his brow,
In its youthful pride
It is moldering now.

And the tiny feet
That in gladness roamed,
Have left off their wand'rings
To lie in the tomb.

And his spirit has changed
Since we rambled here,
For it dwells in the light
Of a purer sphere.

And I too have changed :
I am not the child,
That gathered the blossoms
So joyous and wild !

Ah ! a change has passed
O'er the thoughtless one,
Like the earliest tints
Of the flower-leaf gone.

For with the quick lapse
Of those bright, pleasant years,
The tinge of the cheek
Has been washed off with tears.

And over this heart
Has a dark shadow past,
And round me there wails
A bewildering blast.

But my brother, my brother,
We'll meet above,
Unchanged in affection,
Unchanged in love !

1846.

HE KNOWETH THE WAY THAT I TAKE.

Job xxiii, 10.

Dark, dark, and indistinctly traced,
The pathway that I tread,
Leading me through a desert waste,
Where flowers lay withered, dead.
Oft have I paused with starting tears,
And heart grown sad indeed,
Asking amid my doubts and fears,
Where will this pathway lead ?
At length such clouds passed o'er my sky,
My heart was like to break,
But soon I saw emblazoned high,
"He knoweth the way I take."

My poor, distrustful heart grew calm,
And rested firm on Him,
Who scatters many a holy charm,
Along my path once dim.
Sweet odours, rich with sacred bliss,
Are borne on every breeze,
While notes of thrilling happiness
Float thro' the shadowing trees.
Blest with the tones of nature's harp,
Which in wild music wake,
Is gushing from my bounding heart,
"He knoweth the way I take."

But higher yet shall be the song,
That gushes from my soul,
As still I trace my way along,
Up to the shining goal ;
And purer yet shall be the glow
Of transport in my breast,
As still I press thro' doubt and woe,
Towards my eternal rest.
And when I reach the fearful track
Where Jordan's billows break,
I'll send this shout of triumph back,
"He knoweth the way I take."

FAREWELL TO WINTER.

Thou art passing from us now,
With the ice drops on thy brow,
Fare thee well!

We sorrow not to say that word,
So oft in scenes of sadness heard,
When the spirit's chords are stirr'd
By some passing knell.

We sorrow not with thee to part,
Sad and dismal as thou art,
Cold and stern;
With thy dark, forbidding brow,
And thy breath of sleet and snow,
Chilling in their genial glow
The thoughts that burn.

Adieu! stern winter; and when death,
With his cold and icy breath,
Shall close around,
May we fall as plants, which lie,
While the snow-wing'd storms pass by,
Waiting for a vernal sky
T' unlock the ground.

WHITE ROBES.

White robes were given to every one of them.—Rev. vi, 11.

And who were those to whom white robes were
given,

Who stand so radiant on the plains of heaven ?
They who on earth sustained the hallowed cross,
Suffered and died in the Redeemer's cause.

May we not wear the martyr's crown in heaven ;
May not the martyr's robe to us be given ;
Although our lives we yield not at the stake,
And though no fagot-fires around us wake ?

We may ! we may ! I have seen those on earth
Who nobly sacrificed their land of birth—
Friends, home, and country, freely gave up all,
Even health and life at the Redeemer's call.

The angel answered, " These are they who passed
Through earth's thick darkness, bore its howling
blast,

Who meekly waded through affliction's flood,
And washed their robes in the Redeemer's blood."

Then I, even I, may gain a crown like theirs !
My soul is struggling on through waves of tears,
And O, its stains have all been washed away
In the red stream that flowed on Calvary !

Ye sacred host, when fleeting time has gone,
I'll take my place with you around the throne ;
And then my spirit's robe of spotless white
Will shine like yours in heaven's resplendent light.

1845.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

Sister, wilt thou think of me
When the buds are on the tree ?
When the flowers around our dwelling
In the warm spring air are swelling ?
When thou tendest them alone,
Wilt thou for the absent one
Ever shed one silent tear ?
Tell me, *tell me*, Sister dear !

Farewell !

Brother, let my forehead rest
For the last time on thy breast ;
Let my arm encircle thee,
And my tears fall silently ;
For I feel, 'tis hard to part,
While around my youthful heart
Clings so soft, so sweet a tie—
Dearest Brother, let me sigh

Farewell !

Father, on thine aged brow
Shadowy thoughts are brooding now :

Thou art thinking of thy child,
Thinking of life's cheerless wild—
Heaven, my Father, will direct me,
When thine arm cannot protect me!
Then look not so sad to-day,
Duty beckons me away—

Farewell!

Mother, weep not, though I roam
From my early, happy home!
Though thou miss my step at eve,
Do not in my absence grieve;
For, my Mother, I am blest,
On another arm I rest!
Ah! thy sweet, maternal heart
Swells, and breaks as I depart—

Farewell!

1848.

THE SAILOR'S HYMN.

Rudely dash the waves on high,
Toward the darkly frowning sky;
Vengeful tempests, full of wrath,
Gather o'er our ocean path.

Such is life—a troubled way,
Dark with clouds of dashing spray;
Thus do passion's billows roll
Fiercely o'er the human soul.

Who shall calm the storm of life ?
Who shall still the tempest's strife ?
Who shall sweetly whisper, "Peace,"
Bidding all the tumult cease ?

THOU, who, on the stormy deep
Waking from a peaceful sleep,
Spakest, and the winds obey'd,
And the raging waves were stay'd.

Tarry with us, Son of God !
Calm to peace the angry flood ;
Let our hearts thy presence feel,
Saviour, whisper, "Peace, be still !"

Then our shroud may be the wave,
And our tomb an ocean cave,
And our knell the wild alarm
Of the fiercely howling storm ;

Yet, how safely shall we rest,
Sweetly and securely blest,
Till the Voice, which wakes the dead,
Reaches to our coral bed.

1842.

THE DIVINE SIGNET.

I knelt beside a coffin where was laid
The shrouded form of one that bloomed to fade ;
A brother, nearer to this heart of mine
Than the close tendrils of the clinging vine.

That pale, cold hand how ardently I pressed,
Which lay so passive on the pulseless breast!
His heart, once throbbing warmly as my own,
Was still in death—the vital spark had flown.

Tears, bitter tears, streamed o'er that peaceful brow,
My heart grew sick—I feel that *faintness* now;
Upward towards Heaven I turned my tearful eye,
And Jesus whispered, “Let thy tears be dry.”

Again he spoke: my spirit felt the power
Of those sweet words in such a sorrowing hour—
“*Weep not, thy brother lives in glory now,
Behold my signet on that placid brow!*”

I heard, I gazed—there was the signet ring
Which told me he had spread the unchained wing,
And passed the swelling wave to that blest shore
Where loved ones meet to separate no more.

1843.

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.

Three of the sweetest words in the English language are,
Mother, Home, and Heaven.—*Ladies' Repository*.

Mother—it sounds like melody by night
Borne o'er the waters in a dreamy spell,
Or like the music of the early light,
Whose soft tones thro' the rustling foliage swell;
For in the heart's deep shrine its memories dwell

Fresh mid the cares that cluster darkly there !

What poet harp could half their sweetness tell,
Or breathe the emotions melting in a tear,
With which the heart looks back through many a
varied year ;

Back to the time when, cradled on her breast,
The little heart forgot its lightsome care,
And revel'd in a mother's fond caress,

And listened to a mother's voice in prayer.

O happy hours, how sweet a light ye wear !
Even at that name, fresh thoughts of earliest love
Crowd o'er the heart with images so fair,
We turn from where our fond affections rove,
To think of dewy hopes which first our garland
wove.

Home—'tis the spot, tho' humble and obscure,
Where the warm heart has cent'red all its joys,
Where life's sweet sunshine falls most calm and
pure :

Home—'tis the spot where pleasure seldom
cloys,

Whose sacred peace no stormy wind destroys,
A place where love is made the hallowed tie,

Where social sweetness rules the heart and voice :
From its fair portals cold distrust may fly,
And a world's tinsel'd show pass all unheeded by.

Heaven—O ! there's something in the very sound,
That breathes a life-draught to the fainting soul,
And kindles joy, where naught before was found
Save clouds of darkness in full many a fold !
Our gaze it fixes on the shining goal,
The end of all our hopes and our desires,
And bids the ransomed spirit oft behold
The shining gates, and the celestial choirs,
And fits the hand to tune our ringing, glowing lyres.

Heaven—O ! its portals in the sunlight gleam
Of an unclouded and eternal sky !
When shall we wake from life's bewildering dream,
And cease at once to suffer and to sigh ?
Wake, where the friends we love shall never die,
Beyond this stormy world's chill, wailing blast,
Among the ransomed and the blest on high ;
Where, when the waves of death are safely past,
Heaven, Home, and Mother may be gained at last.

1848.

PASSING AWAY.

On the vernal flower that gleams
In the sun's rich, mellow beams,
With the dew-drop on its breast,
Is this sad'ning truth imprest,
Passing away.
On the glowing forest leaf,
Stamped with freshness strangely brief,

We may read in lines all sere,
At the closing of the year,
Passing away.

On the flashing river's tide,
Where the sportive sunbeams glide,
In its rocky, winding course,
We may list in accents hoarse,
Passing away.

Through the vines around our eaves,
Deep'ning through the changing leaves,
Comes this whisper strangely sad,
As the summer's glories fade,
Passing away.

Gleaming in their transient light,
All things beautiful and bright,
All things dearest to the heart,
Speak in tones that bid us start,
Passing away.

Sweet to think there is a clime
Far beyond the change of time,
Whose rich scenery, sweetly fair,
Never may this impress wear,
Nor pass away!

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

“ Sister, remove that curtain towards the west,
And raise my head awhile,
For I would see the sun sink down to rest,
With his departing smile.

“ Perchance it is the last sweet sunset scene
That I shall gaze upon :
My life has past, even like a short, sweet dream,
Its moments now have flown.

“ O, I had hoped to live, but fain would rest ;
Those hopes have vanished now :
Consumption's weariness is at my breast—
Its languor on my brow.

“ Yes, I had hoped to live, for earth has charms
To hold my spirit here :
Life has high prospects, youthful hopes are warm,
And all looks bright and clear.

“ Yet, better far to leave a world of pain
Ere it shall gain our trust—
Ere time has forged his strong and heavy chain
To bind our souls to dust.

“ There's one sweet thought, my sister, of the past,
One thought of purest bliss
That lingers with me, even to the last,
And yields a soothing peace—

“Early I gave my wayward heart to God,
And breath’d my solemn vow;
In weakness since, this narrow path I’ve trod—
This thought sustains me now.

“And calmly now I gaze o’er Jordan’s wave
Without a single fear:
There is no terror in an early grave—
I would not tarry here.

“The one, whose footsteps I have followed here,
Will not desert me now—
That Saviour, O methinks he lingers near
To soothe my aching brow!

“Sister, I thank thee for the tender care,
So long on me bestowed:
O! shall my name no more be in thy prayer,
When it ascends to God?

“Nay, nay, these cares for thy sick brother dear
Soon, soon shall all be o’er,
And yet I would not be forgotten here,
Though I shall wake no more.

“O might my memory lure the hearts I love
To my Redeemer’s breast,
And thoughts of *Theron* point the soul above
To my eternal rest.”

* * * * *

He pass'd away, but yet the boon he claimed
In that sad hour was given :
To those who knew him here, that cherished name
Is linked with thoughts of Heaven.

1842.

THE DOVE.

Dove, with the drooping wing,
I gaze on thy plumage softly fair,
And think, as thy spreading pinions fling
A radiance on the air,
Of the messenger they sent
From the lonely ark on the waters wide,
When naught but the sea and firmament
Were spreading on every side.

I think of the welcome bough
Brought by a beautiful one like thee,
Reviving hope on the heart and brow
Of the world's *one* family.

Beautiful, beautiful Dove !
I think of that messenger sent from the sky,
The Spirit of God to the Son of his love,
Descending in fashion like thee.

O, may that Spirit divine
In his meekness and gentleness rest upon me !
May his glowing fervour and love be mine,
With his sinless purity !

1849.

LOVE—A CONFESSION.

THEME my lyre has never waken'd
In its brightest hour of song ;
But its chords of late are shaken
With an impulse new and strong.

Earthly love to me was ever
Like a bright, unreal dream ;
Or a star that seem'd to quiver
Far o'er life's cold, turgid stream.

It was something all ideal
That my fancy sometimes wove—
Tinged with nothing true or real
Was the thought of youthful love.

Could this gloomy world of sorrow,
Hollow-hearted, drear, and cold,
Gleams of sacred sunshine borrow
E'en from interchange of soul ?

Sympathy—methought it vanish'd,
If it ever lived on earth !
Love—I thought it long since banish'd
To its place of heavenly birth.

And my soul was upward tending
With a wing unpoised below,
Through the mist its glance was sending
Where the living waters flow ;

Panting for that tender union,
For that sympathetic glow,
For that melting heart communion,
Which methought earth could not know.

Thus, while all below seem'd dreary,
Faith was pointing through the vale,
But my soul was sad and weary,
And I fear'd 'twould faint and fail.

Now a softer gale breathes o'er me,
And my pathway seems to shine,
For a being stands before me
With a heart that beats like mine.

Not an angel—for their pinions
Have *been* spread above my way—
One that, in earth's dark dominions,
Has been struggling on like me.

One with sympathetic feeling,
With affection deep and true—
Love around my heart is stealing
With a bliss it never knew.

Saviour, O thy love shall never
Yield its place to earthly bliss !
But its deep and holy fervour
Shall be mingled e'en with *this* !

THE OLD YEAR.

THE old year whisper'd
His stern farewell ;
I listen'd at midnight,
And heard his knell.

I wept for the friend
That long I had known,
When I found his moments
Forever had flown !

I have loved the old year :
It brought to my heart
Full many a blessing
That shall not depart.

THE SISTER'S INQUIRY.

ZEPHYRS ! that stray 'mid the garden flowers,
Shaking the leaves of the vine-hung bowers ;
Say, have ye met in your rambles to-day
The brother I've miss'd from my dreary way ?

And thou, gentle sunbeam ! whose beautiful glow
Lightens each path that is traversed below,
Hast thou seen of late, on the wide-spread earth,
The brother who pass'd from our lonely hearth ?

The zephyrs are silent, and haste from the spot ;
The sunbeam falls fainter, but answers me not ;

Ah! who shall inform me—who knoweth the
road

To the land where that brother hath found an
abode?

Ye spirits of glory! ye angels of light!
Have ye heard of him yet in your world-wide
flight?

O yes, ye have met in the heavenly throng
That brother whose absence has grieved us so long!

1844.

THE WINDS.

WHENCE dost thou come, thou boisterous wind?
And where to-day has thine errand been?
What message of love, or of fearful wrath,
Hast thou borne to the trav'ler in thy path?
I ask'd, and the hoarse wind, murmuring, sigh'd,
Grew soft as a zephyr, and thus replied:—

“I came from the south, where a gallant band
Have planted, upon the aggressor's land,
Their proud eagle standard: I bade it wave
As it loves to float in the “land of the brave!”
But a sadder errand was mine to yield,
A balm to the faint on the battle-field;
And, alas! as I swept o'er the mass of slain
Which darken'd that trampled and gory plain,
I could have thunder'd, in deafening peals
That would echo far from those hostile fields,

To the mansions of joy and the house of woe,
Man is himself his most terrible foe !”

Perhaps it is thus—but tell me no more
Of the battle-fields and the flowing gore :
The dove, methinks, has extended her wing
With the olive branch she is soon to bring.
Ah ! hast thou not flown o’er a brighter scene,
Where even the hand of the Spoiler hath been ?
“ I have—I have ! I have scented my breath
In the place of sickness, the place of death ;
Not where the clarion of war was heard,
Not where the breast by its impulse was stirr’d,
But in the quiet of a peaceful home
I’ve seen the brightest descend to the tomb ;
I have fann’d the consumptive’s pallid brow,
And breathed over lips of a livid glow,
Where the spoiler had set as sure a seal
As amid the gloom of the battle-field ;
Yet kindness and peace shed a holy calm,
While I dried the tears with a cooling balm.”

How sad is thy story ! yet milder far
Than the horrid tales of discord and war !
Thou tellest of cheering with thy cool breath
The dwellings of those who were nigh to death,
And hast thou no tales of the stormy main ?
Of the gloom that thou carriest there in thy train ?

“I have borne a message of fearful wrath
To the shipwreck’d mariner in my path :
I sported all night with his hopes and fears,
Occasion’d, and then put an end to his tears.
I shiver’d the masts to a fearful wreck,
I swept the rich spoils from the shatter’d deck,
I scatter’d a part on the frightful shore,
And the rest went down to be seen no more.
My victims I dash’d on the rocky coast,
Their shrieks in my deaf’ning roar were lost !
Ask me not wherefore—thou never shalt know
Till the billows reveal their tales of woe !”

O cease, ye winds, for I would not hear
Of the wreck-strewn beach, or the fields of war ;
Nor more of the chambers of death and decay ;
But have you not pass’d, in your lengthening way,
Some sacred spot where beloved ones reside ?
Some pleasing scene to my vision denied ?

“Aye, I’ve breathed thro’ the far-off western
glades,
I have seen the beloved who sought their
shades ;
I pass’d by the one thou hast miss’d so long,
And bore far aloft her delightful song.
I return’d—she question’d me there, like thee,
To know if I’d pass’d the old homestead tree :
I kiss’d the fair child of the laughing eye
Which you loved so dearly in days gone by ;

I shook the bright leaves from her flower-
crown'd hair,
And her laugh rung wild as I left her there :
Yea, I've pass'd the shades where those dear
ones stray,
And I know the haunts where their children
play."

Strange that a wind, which has pass'd o'er the deep,
Spreading woe and death, in its awful sweep,
Should delay to gambol with childhood fair,
Playfully shaking the shadowy hair,
Or fan the sick couch as a softening gale—
But thou art away : farewell, farewell !

1846.

AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

I sit me down beside a gloomy fire,
With naught around my spirit to inspire :
All, all alone—no sound is in my brain,
Save the dull beating of the dismal rain,
And that faint rustling of the wither'd leaves
Upon the aged tree beside our eaves.

Now all without looks gloomy, dark, and dread,
And my lone thoughts are with the quiet dead :
Friend after friend is passing Jordan's wave,
And I must follow shortly to the grave—
Leaving a name which, like the fitful sigh
Of autumn breezes, shall pass quickly by.

1848.

"I'LL WAKE AGAIN."

"What shall I tell your father, should you be sleeping when he arrives?" asked an attendant of a sick friend. The dying girl answered, with a smile,—“Tell him I'LL WAKE AGAIN.” She slumbered—it was the sleep of death.

TELL him I would have linger'd
 Until I heard his step,
 But nature sunk in weariness,
 And heavily I've slept.
 Tell him my rest is quiet
 And undisturb'd by pain,
 And that I bade you tell him
 His child would wake again.

Not in the dewy morning
 Shall his cherish'd one arise,
 When the sun begins his shining
 In grandeur through the skies—
 Nor when the flower uncloses,
 And the bird awakes his strain,
 Nor with bees, amid the roses,
 Shall his loved one wake again.

Nor when the brook awakens
 The song I've loved so well,
 And the enlivening melodies
 Of spring around me swell ;

He may no longer see me
 'Mid the flowers I loved to tend ;
 Though they may claim my care again,
 I shall not waken then.

But tell him not to mourn me
 As one forever lost,
 As a star that drops in brightness
 From the high and shining host—
 For the child of his affection,
 Free from each earthly stain,
 At the glorious resurrection
 Shall surely wake again !

1846.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Six years ago, this Christmas morn,
 With heavy, tearful eyes I rose—
 Eyes that had watch'd too sad and long,
 Heedless of slumber and repose.

And with a heart as heavy, sad,
 That struggled between hope and fear,
 I hasten'd quickly to the bed
 Where lay a suffering brother dear.

The morn had broke ; but still a light
 Burn'd feebly in his lonely room,
 As struggling with the day-beam bright,
 To drive away the shadowy gloom.

I laid my hand upon his hair,
And press'd it backward from his brow—
That face, how strangely, sadly fair!
I seem to look upon it now!

He mildly raised his eyes to mine,
Then wish'd me, in a cheerful tone,
“A merry Christmas”—paused, and said,
“Sister, I meant a happy one.

“I know you'll not be merry now,
Your buoyant spirits all have flown;
Sadness is brooding on your brow,
Sadness is breathing in your tone.”

That day is fled, and years have gone
Since my pale brother pass'd away;
But ever, as the Christmas morn
Sheds over me its earliest ray,

Thought wanders back to the sad hour
I saw my brother lying there;
And then I hear his voice once more,
And fondly smooth his dewy hair.

And when, from many a happy heart,
The Merry Christmas wish I hear,
The swelling tear-drops quickly start,—
My brother's tone is in my ear!

THE BRIDE.

SHE stood at the altar, array'd in white,
With roses entwined in her hair,
But her deep-blue eye was too strangely bright,
Her cheek too transparent and fair :
Her heart beat quick as she breathed that vow,
And the flower leaves trembled o'er her brow.

She turn'd away, in confiding love,
From the scenes she held so dear ;
The garden haunts, the streamlet, the grove,
She left without shedding a tear—
She left them in untried paths to roam,
Left them to gladden another home.

Vines round her casement were dropping away,
The blossoms beginning to fade,
When, clad as she was on her bridal day,
They brought her once more to that shade—
Back to that shade of her childhood's home—
But she, like the rose, had lost her bloom.

Gather around her, ye loved ones, now ;
Her lips with your kisses impress—
Affection's seal is still on her brow,
Though she cannot return your embrace :
On her lips there lingers the same sweet smile—
O, weeping parents, behold your child !

Father, take back your wandering one
To the spot she had loved the best—
You almost trembled to see her rove,
She returns for a place of rest :
Tear now the vines from the garden bowers,
And lay your child with her faded flowers.

Mother, take home the blossom you rear'd,
Which you shielded from every blast ;
Its tender petals, wither'd and sear'd,
Return to your bosom at last—
Take back your child to her early home ;
She never more from its scenes may roam.

Brother, your sister returns again,
But she may not gladden the hearth
With her former songs—she sings a strain
Which cannot be sung on the earth ;
Yet welcome her back to scenes so dear,
She comes to sleep by your pathway here.

And thou, sad one, most bereaved of all,
Haste thee back to thy lonely home,
And live—so live, that when death shall call,
And thou shalt descend to the tomb,
Thy soul may meet, where ties are not riven,
Thine angel bride in the light of heaven !

THE STEAMER'S BELL.

A piece of the wreck of the Atlantic, with the steamer's bell attached to it, became at the time, and continues to be, fastened between two rocks. During every swell of the waves, the bell tolls forth its melancholy dirge over the spot where the living cargo was engulfed.—*Newspaper*.

HEARD'ST thou on a distant strand
Its sound midst the ocean's roar,
Like a voice from the spirit-land—
A call from eternity's shore?

'Twas swept in a fearful hour
From the shatter'd wreck away,
And hung by the wild waves' power
Where it owns the tempests' sway.

That bell hath a language deep,
Which reaches the inmost soul;
And thoughts, which at other times sleep,
Awake as those billows roll.

It speaks of ambitious aims
In their tow'ring pride laid low,
But tells not of the many names
Of the dead who sleep below.

It speaks of the hopes, once bright,
Quench'd in the waves forever;
Of those bands which trouble might
Labour in vain to sever.

It speaks like a tocsin tost
Up from the surges of time,
Chanting a dirge for the lost,
With heavy, unceasing chime.

'Tis thus with surviving hearts,
Where passion's billowy swell
Has hung the *memory of the past*,
Like an ever-sounding knell.

That bell, on a distant strand,
Heard mid the ocean's roar—
'Tis a voice from the spirit-land,
A call from eternity's shore.

1846.

MILDLY THE SUN.

MILDLY now the sun is shining
Where I've seen it shine so oft ;
Slowly, radiantly declining,
And the winds are low and soft.

Wintry storms, methinks, are dying,
Blue and tranquil seems the sky ;
Silvery clouds are calmly lying
In the broad expanse on high.

Since last winter breath'd her farewell,
I have pass'd through scenes most strange ;
"O'er the spirit" of my vision
There has come a sudden change.

In my sky, then clouded over,
Now appears a heavenly charm ;
And white pinions near me hover,
Shielding me from ev'ry harm.

There is one angelic spirit,
Clad in mortal garb, beside me,
With a heart of deep affection
Ever near, and near to guide me.

One to whom this heart is sending
All its warmest throbs of bliss—
Round me *hope* and *love* are blending
All their hues of happiness.

1:48

TO MY FATHER.

Who shall smooth thy hoary hairs
In thy life's declining day ?
Who shall steal away the cares
Deep'ning fast around thy way ?

I had thought to be thy stay
In the evening of thy years ;
I had thought to cheer thy way,
I had thought to share thy tears.

But the path of duty led
To a far-off field of care ;
In another sphere I tread,
And another's joys I share.

O ! may kindred hearts as warm
Scatter comforts round thee here !
Mid the darkness and the storm,
May'st thou have a light to cheer !
May thy faltering steps descend
Calmly, sweetly to the tomb !
May thy great, Almighty Friend
Safely guide thy spirit home !

1848.

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

THE Spirit of Liberty
Wakes in our vales,
I hear a low melody
Borne on the gales :
The sound is inspiring,
It rouses the free—
List, list to its thrilling notes,
Wild though they be !
“ Awake, O Columbia !
Awake in thy might,
While the sunshine of freedom
Falls over thee bright !
“ While thy star-spangled banner
Triumphantly streams,
And each plume of thine eagle
Refulgently gleams.

“Rouse, *rouse thee*, Columbia!
The echoing sky
To thy watchwords of freedom
Shall yield a reply!”

Free Men and *Free Labour*,
Free Speech and *Free Soil*,
Shall be heard till the minions
Of slavery recoil.

Free Speech and *Free Labour*
Each mountain and vale
Shall echo, till tyrants
With trembling turn pale!

Then shout for free labour,
Ye millions that toil,
Till the heavens shall thunder,
ALL EARTH IS FREE SOIL!

1848.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS OF THE ST. LAW- RENCE.

Inscribed to the Rev. P. D. GORRIE, of Ogdensburgh, at
whose request these lines were written, while on a trip to
Oswego, in July, 1848.

THE cloudless heavens were blue and mild,
As swift we sped our watery way
Amidst the thousand, verdant isles
Which make the broad St. Lawrence gay.

Our course was onward, mid those gems
Of green which lie in beauty there,
And on, and on—till day grew dim,
We saw them scatter'd everywhere.

Thus, thus along life's rapid stream
A thousand objects tempt our sight,
Which brightly in our visions gleam,
O'erspread with beauty and with light.

As we advance they all recede,
And a broad lake before us rolls,—
O, in that fearful hour of need,
One hand alone can save our souls !

If, when upon that wave we 're hurl'd,
We have the Saviour at our helm,
With joy we leave behind the world,
And death cannot our souls o'erwhelm.

Ye beauteous Isles ! ye beauteous Isles !
I learn'd a lesson from you there—
Ye ever lend your choicest smiles
The lonely mariner to cheer.

Ye wear a look of calmness bright,
That never in the storm departs—
Who would not, in this world of night,
Thus carry hope to troubled hearts ?

“WE KNOW NOT HOW HAPPY WE ARE.”

“We know not how happy we are,”

Said a voice at the close of the day,

As we sat where a beautiful star

Was shedding a silvery ray :

So blissful and sweet were the skies above,

I fancied them glowing with looks of love ;

All nature with transport seem'd to thrill,

Tho' the breeze was hush'd and the vine was still.

“We know not how happy we are,”

I have thought in my musings to-night :

We are free from earth's festering care,

And blest with unmeasured delight.

Away from the world, its noise and its strife,

So sweetly secluded and tranquil our life ;

Here nothing arises our pleasures to mar—

We know not, we know not how happy we are.

1848.

MY BROTHER.

Written on the anniversary of his death.

FOUR long, long years have past

Since I watch'd beside him, with a tearful eye,

Night after night, and knew that he must die,

And fear'd each day the last.

At length, as darkness fell
Over the earth, he call'd us round his bed,
And told us that his day of life had fled—
Bade us a long farewell !

I almost see him now—
His thin white hands were clasp'd upon his breast,
That spoke of peace—and yet of that unrest
The dying only know.

His forehead, white and clear,
Glisten'd with gathering dews of life's last night ;
But O, that cheek and eye, how strangely bright !
Consumption's seal was there.

He spoke ; but that deep tone
Scarce rose above a whisper, and a quiver
Was on his lips, as when the roses shiver,
Ere the white leaves are strown.

He spoke of youth and hope—
Of death and parting—of a home above ;
Said that even then a Saviour's *priceless* love
Could buoy his spirit up.

He bade us weep no more,
Nor grieve that he had pass'd from earth's dull
care,
But follow on, in faith and humble prayer,
Toward that eternal shore.

He ceased to speak ; and then
 We knelt in fervent prayer his couch beside,
 Committing to that sure Eternal Guide
 That dear, departing friend.

But morning dawn'd again ;
 And still he linger'd, calm, serenely fair,
 As if etherealized for purer air
 By long-refining pain.

The sun at noonday shone ;
 And o'er those features pass'd a fearful change ;
 That hectic cheek grew dark, and sudden, strange,
 Turn'd white as sculptured stone !

Fainter the quick breath grew :
 He murmur'd, " Pray ;" the voice of prayer
 arose,
 And when it ceased, those beaming eyes unclosed,
 And *look'd a sweet adieu !*

Gently he pass'd away :
 Death left unchanged that calm and holy brow,
 But O ! the grave has soil'd its brightness now
 With darkness and decay.

Scarce eighteen winters' snows
 Had fallen around that fondly cherish'd form,
 Ere, like a flower that bows beneath the storm,
 It sunk to sweet repose.

My brother ! hast thou fled ?
Thou gentle playmate of my infant years,
Sweet shaver of my earliest hopes and fears,
O, art thou with the dead ?

It cannot, cannot be !
I see thee as in health ; thy look, thy voice—
That cheerful smile, that made the heart rejoice,
Is fix'd in memory.

But deeper graven there
Is the submission deep, the holy calm
That o'er those fading features shed a charm,
Serene, divinely fair.

O, sad and dismal day
The day I wept above thy dying bed ;
The day I saw thee number'd with the dead ;
Its hours moved mournfully.

Another day shall come,
When I, like thee, shall lay me down to rest,
When I shall meet thee, with the pure and blest,
In that immortal home.

1847.

A BURIAL AT SEA.

NIGHT lay upon the stormy seas,
Where that lone vessel stood
With banner flung upon the breeze,
Above the ocean flood.

Thro' the dark clouds the moonbeams threw
Anon a fearful glare
Upon that dark ship's mournful crew,
Gather'd in silence there.

They bring their dead, not for a rest
In some green place of graves,
But in grim ocean's fearful breast,
Down mid her awful caves.

Slowly they lower the lifeless form—
A sullen plunge is heard,
And moving sobs, amid the storm,
From hearts with anguish stirr'd.

One moment, and the waves close o'er,
And roll with fierceness by,
Mingling their thunders, as before,
With the loud tempest's cry.

The vessel then speeds on her way,
But sorrowing hearts are there—
Keep the memorial, O thou Sea,
Intrusted to thy care.

1847.

TO A MONTHLY PINK.

WHAT, budding now ?
Other flowers have long since died ;
They all fell, with drooping brow,
Side by side.

Here thou art,
Blooming in thy freshness still,
Like the green hopes of the heart
Naught can chill.

Look abroad,—
Clouds are gathering in the sky,
Tempests, wailing fierce and loud,
Pass thee by.

Drifting snows
Through the garden lanes are seen,
Showing where the flowers repose,
But thou art green.

Wouldst thou teach
This poor heart to wear a bloom
Which the tempests cannot reach,
Nor e'en the tomb ?

O ! sweet flower,
Thou dost whisper gentle things
Of the sunshine, and the shower,
And zephyr's wings.

Thou dost speak
Of the summer's golden hue,
Of the lilac's blushing cheek,
And violet blue ;

Of the breeze,
Laden with its incense meet,
Trilling through the leafy trees,
O, how sweet !

Gentle flower,
Winter holdeth still his sway ;
He must tyrannize his hour,
Then away.

Thanks to thee !
Thou hast brought me visions bright,
Of the summer's buoyancy,
Free and light.

Feb., 1848.

A SCATTERED HOUSEHOLD.

ONE perish'd on the raging seas,
Where the tall mast was bow'd :
While death was on the startling breeze,
And terror in the cloud.

He made his pillow deep below
The ocean's sounding waves,
Where the bright pearls and corals glow
In its unfathom'd caves.

One fell upon the battle-field,
Where the war-spirit frown'd ;
No kindred hand his eyelids seal'd,
Or drest the fatal wound.

And one lay calmly down to die
 Beneath the cocoa bough ;
No kindred voice, no hand was nigh,
 To soothe his burning brow.

One in the valley of the West
 Adorn'd an humble lot—
A happy home for child and guest,
 A peaceful, rural spot.

She sleeps amid the forest glades,
 Where the wrong'd Indians roam ;
Far from her childhood's rural shades,
 Far from her early home.

Another, and the last one, fell
 Beneath a southern sky ;
Where soft, melodious murmurs swell,
 And softer winds sweep by.

A scatter'd household ! who, that saw
 Them mingle round one hearth,
Deem'd that this day would find them thus
 All scatter'd o'er the earth !

But thus it is—Ah ! ever thus
 Is our allotment strange ;
And happy would it be for us,
 Had earth no sadder change !

SUDDEN STORMS.

I thought to wander merrily,
 With the bird and singing bee,
 But, alas, alas !
 Clouds have gather'd—winds grow chill—
 All is dark, and cold, and still—
 Hark the dismal blast !

Why do tempests ever gather
 In the bright and glad spring weather,
 When all nature smiles ?
 Why the sun not always shine,
 Cheering, with his rays divine,
 Fields and woody dells ?

Why ? Ah soon ! how very soon,
 These bright and sunny days alone
 Would the meadows sear ;
 And make the little brooks shrink back
 From their winding, pebbly track,
 As if smit with fear !

Then let the chilly tempests gather ;
 Even in the glad spring weather,
 Let the storms rage wild—
 Quickly as they disappear,
 Nature's glowing face shall wear
 A greener, sweeter smile.

THE FORGOTTEN.

Above her grave the turf was not yet green,
When he who wept so late her couch beside,
Approach'd the altar with a brow serene,
Leading another and a fairer bride.

No more shall tears, for the belov'd one shed,
Stain that fond cheek lit up with smiles so soon ;
No more shall wailings o'er the early dead,
In sadness steal around that marble stone.

Ah, no ! another claims within that heart
The place left vacant there by buried love ;
Another's smiles have drawn the rankling dart,
And wreaths of gladness for the mourner wove.

Rest, thou forgotten one ! No startling sighs
Shall burden the soft zephyrs near thy tomb ;
Another fills the place, by thee so priz'd,
In that chang'd heart, and that deserted home.

O love—connubial love ! and art thou this,
A flame soon smother'd in the closing grave ?
A spirit vanishing with no impress
Left on the lonely work, or moonlight wave ?

Alas ! what fond memorial of the dead
Shall earth retain when human hearts forget ?
When *hearts forget* ! Ah, well it hath been said,
That “ *Change on all things hath her signet set.*”

DISTANT VIEW OF THE RIVER.

From an elevated tract in Bangor, N. Y., the St. Lawrence river can be distinctly seen at the distance of about twenty miles.

Far along the blue horizon,
Stretch'd in tranquil light it lay,
While my eye went wand'ring o'er it,
In the distance far away.

Many a pleasing thought was rising,
Waken'd by that lovely scene,
Of the beauteous vales and hamlets,
Of the homes that lie between.

Thus the eye of Faith may venture
O'er the boundary of time,
Pierce the deep involving shadows
Hanging o'er that mystic clime.

But the heart that would be ranging
Thro' those lovely skies serene,
Will be ling'ring round the objects
That in dimness lie between.

Far along the dim horizon,
Stretch'd in tranquil light it lay,
While my eye went wand'ring o'er it
In the distance far away.

THE WHITE CLOUD.

One snowy cloud is resting now
Upon the blue sky's breast,
And while I gaze, with anxious brow,
I envy such a rest—
Long for the peace earth may not know
My soul has been in quest.

Well purified from stains of sin,
Calm as that cloud of white,
Above the world, where, all serene,
The air is ever bright—
Thus would I rest, when storms descend,
And tempests gather might.

But lo! that cloud is floating there
Into the depths of blue,
The breezes, springing fresh and fair,
Are wafting it from view ;
Clouds, there is not in earth, or air,
A place of rest for you !

But though through space ye hurry on,
And Change your motto be,
This weary soul, when life is gone,
Shall spread its pinions free,
And rest with the unchanging One
Through all eternity.

THE DESERTED COTTAGE.

The vine, untrained, was creeping there—

Round the low porch it hung,
And sighing, seemed to ask for care,
As in the breeze it swung.

The violet, all uncultur'd, too,
Grew with the daisy wild ;
But with a leaf of paler blue,
It bowed and meekly smiled.

The twitt'ring swallow round the eaves
Kept up a dismal song ;
The wind blew sadly through the leaves,
And sighing, died along.

The green-sward in its freshness lay—
The path was all untrod ;
No foot had shook the dewdrops away,
Which glisten'd on the sod.

A sense of loneliness was there—
I felt it as I gazed ;
It came in every breath of air,
And in the sun's pale rays :

'Twas not the tangled vine, nor yet
The violet so fair,—
Nor untrod path, with dew-drops wet—
Nor breezes sighing there ;

Nor song of bird, that touched the soul
With loneliness so strange,—
It was a thought that o'er me stole—
A thought of *death and change*.

I heard the step that once rung there—
The tones that cheered that spot,
And saw once more the faces fair
Of that deserted cot.

Conversing with the past, I felt
'Twas consecrated ground,
Where joy or sorrow once had dwelt,
Or love a place had found.

There hope had sweetly swelled the heart,
And fear had been a guest ;
There *death* had shot his sudden dart,
And stilled the throbbing breast.

And footsteps here, once echoing round,
Were hushed within the tomb,
And some a watery grave had found,
Far in the ocean's foam.

Just as the slanting sun-rays shed
Their beauty round that spot,
I passed, with slow and thoughtful tread,
From the DESERTED COT.

THE YOUNG DISCIPLE.

She walk'd with even tread
Through the wild mazes of a reckless world ;
Beauty and youth were circling round her head,
And Hope her flag unfurl'd.

She dwelt among the gay,
Among a joyous and a thoughtless crowd ;
And she was bright and beautiful as they,
Though not of beauty proud.

Her modest, humble mien
Show'd that a spirit lowly, meek was hers ;
Her brow was as the morn still and serene,
Ere the first zephyr stirs.

O ! she had cast her heart,
With all its fulness, on the Saviour's breast,
And found the peace Heaven can alone impart,
A sure and tranquil rest.

Pale sickness came at last,
And she, though lovely, faded day by day,
As thou hast seen a bright cloud, hurrying past,
Slowly dissolve away.

They laid her down to rest,
One evening, with the cold drops on her brow,
And gather'd round her as the struggling breath
Came fitful, faint, and slow.

She spoke in broken tones
Of the blest Saviour, as her friend and guide,
Then whisper'd "Farewell" to those mourning
 ones,
And sweetly smil'd and died.

Fair as a star declines,
In all its brightness, but to shine elsewhere;
Thus did she vanish, thus the immortal mind
Pass'd to another sphere.

1848.

LET ME SLEEP.

"Let me sleep," she softly said,
As she meekly bowed her head
 With a peaceful smile;
And those eye-lids drooping low,
And those lips, as white as snow,
And that cold and drooping brow,
 Gleaming mild,

Told me 'twas her latest sleep;
And the mourner bowed to weep
 O'er the dying one:
Gentle child! she past away
Like a star at dawn of day—
Like the latest sunset ray
 She was gone.

O, she slept a gentle sleep !
Yet methinks 'twas dreamless, deep,
For she wakes not now ;
Wild winds blow around her bed,
Nightly dews their incense shed
Round the spot where sleeps the dead,
Cold and low.

1848.

HOPE AND FEAR.

Hope and Fear,
Strangely are ye blended here—
Here in this sad world of ours,
Where joy and sorrow meet together,
Where the gloomy storm-cloud lowers
Often in the sunniest weather.

Hope, thy smile
Can the heart of care beguile ;
Thou pointest to a flowery way,
Through the distant future wending—
O, how many a joyous ray
With each sunny beam is blending !

Rising Fear
Sees that pathway through a tear—
Beholds along the distant sky
Dark and dreadful omens hover ;
Hears in the wind-gust's fitful sigh
Sounds that hope could ne'er discover.

Friends are ill—
Hope sees health's returning smile,
Speaks of days when at the board
Or the fireside we shall meet them—
When, to health and friends restored,
We shall joy to see and greet them.

Boding Fear
Sees them on the sable bier ;
Beholds them clad in garments white,
Hears the fearful dirge-note swelling,
Sees them borne beyond our sight,
To their low and silent dwelling.

Hope and Fear,
Strangely are ye blended here—
Here in this sad world of ours,
Where joy and sorrow meet together—
Here where oft a storm-cloud lowers
In the brightest, sunniest weather.

1846.

CLOUDS AT SUNSET.

The sun in his splendour is sinking away
Far down in the rose-coloured west ;
The black clouds, that darken'd the sky through
the day,
Lie cradled in beautiful rest.

They have chang'd their hue—all white and
serene

Their banners are softly unfurl'd,
Like the hov'ring pinions of angels, when seen
In the light of the heavenly world.

O ! thus, when the sun of the Christian descends
To pass with its splendor away,
The dark, floating clouds of adversity lend
A charm to the close of his day.

These clouds in the light of the future all change,
And put off their mantles of gloom—
Like heavenly messengers, lovely and strange,
They brightly encompass the tomb.

1848.

IS IT NOTHING TO THEE ?

We were anxious to stop, after the conclusion of the sermon, as the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be administered. I asked a friend, one whom I thought to be a friend of Jesus also, to intercede with our company and persuade them to tarry until the services were closed. She replied in a careless tone, "O, it is nothing to me."

Is it nothing to thee, that the Saviour has said,
"Do this in remembrance of me ?"
And nothing to thee that his blood has been shed,
To wash thy pollutions away ?

Is it nothing to thee, that he came from above,
And so swift to thy rescue fled ?
That he left his throne on the wings of love,
To suffer and die in thy stead ?

When a rebel condemned, in dark bondage to sin,
Thy spirit was hopelessly bound ;
Was it nothing that angels the praise should begin,
Of Him, who a ransom had found ?

Is it nothing that justice should sheathe his sword,
When reeking in Jesus' blood ?
That the risen, ascended, and glorified Word,
For thee intercedes with thy God ?

If 'twas nothing that sundered the temple's veil,
And the rocks of Judea in twain,
Which burst the graves of the saints that slept,
And woke them to life again ;

If 'twas nothing which darkened the mid-day sun,
With a shroud of the deepest hue,
When the Saviour exclaimed, " It is finished, 'tis
done,"
The scheme of salvation for you ;

If all this was nothing, then well may you say,
As they gather around the board,
It is nothing to me, and I will not obey
The words of my crucified Lord.

O, if aught could the obdurate spirit move,
And stir all its depths within,
'Tis the thought of that sacrifice offered in love,
To purify man from his sin.

1844.

THE BROKEN HARP.

A writer in the New-York Gazette, on visiting the tomb of Margaret Davidson, remarks, "On one side of the pediment is sculptured the representation of a broken harp, with some appropriate lines."

That thrilling harp is broken,
Whose numbers o'er us stole,
And bade entrancing sweetness
To gush within the soul.
Its melody was wakened
By a young spirit here,
Till all the world was ravished,
And angels bowed to hear.

That ringing harp is broken,
And on the willow swings—
A weight like death has fallen
Upon the tuneful strings;
The young and lovely minstrel
Has laid her down to rest,
And the sunlight falls unheeded
Above her peaceful breast.

But her spirit doth not slumber,
 Though her harp is now unstrung ;
For those messengers of Heaven,
 Who were listening while she sung,
Thought her numbers too entrancing
 For this sterile world below,
And wish'd to hear them sounding
 Where the waves of crystal flow.

That harp, that harp is broken ;
 But the list'ning angel choir
Conveyed the minstrel's spirit,
 In a chariot of fire,
To a clime of bliss and beauty,
 To a harp of sweeter tone—
They promoted the young minstrel
 To a place before the Throne.

Weep not for her advancement—
 She was needed in the sky ;
Weep not for the rent harp-strings—
 She has better ones on high !
And mourn not for the numbers
 Which were floating to thine ear,
But haste, my soul, to join her
 Where she charms a purer sphere !

THE DRUNKARD'S BRIDE.

WHAT was it 'woke a thought of her—

The gentle and the beautiful?

I know not, yet fond mem'ries stir,

As when the sudden zephyr's swell
Takes up the leaves that long have lain,
And makes them seem alive again.

I see her as I saw her when

Hope had her bridal chaplet wove ;
A stranger far from youthful friends,
Buoy'd up by ever constant love :—
When from her eye a something beamed,
That told how fondly she had dreamed.

Upon her forehead, pure and fair,

Lingered a trace of tender thought ;
The *soul of love* was mirrored there—

What eye could gaze and see it not !
O ! she was beautiful, and bright
As spring-time's earliest, purest light.

I see her as I saw her when

A change had pass'd upon that brow :
The joyous spring was here again.

And the same flowers began to blow
A fleeting twelvemonth passed away,
And in her snowy shroud she lay.

A look of bitterness was there
Upon her still and shadowy face ;
A look of deep, corroding care,
Too painful for the eye to trace ;
A look of woe that touched the heart,
And bade the fount of feeling start.

Some whispered that a few sad years
Would bow her gentle spirit down ;
Yet no complaint, save silent tears,
On the meek face was ever known :
They said that her's was blighting woe—
Ah, who could all its blightings know !

Who knew the weary hours she listened
With beating heart the well-known tread ?
The while her dark eye sadly glistened,
And her young heart grew faint with dread ?
And who could know the pang that rent
Her soul from its clay tenement ?

None, save that ever watchful Eye
Placed on the wrong'd and helpless ever—
Heaven heard the first disturbing sigh,
Heaven saw the quivering heart-strings sever !
Woe, woe to him, the thoughtless one,
Who crushed the fair meek blossom down !

THOUGHTS IN AUTUMN.

I started from a dream of bliss
At Autumn's plaintive wail,
And each sweet thought of happiness
Fled on the passing gale.
That gale awakened memory's lyre
To numbers thrilling, deep,
That Autumn can alone inspire—
I turned aside to weep.

I thought how oft in early years
I started with a sigh,
And turned away to hide my tears
As the cold blast swept by ;
How once I wept when Autumn's tread
Among my flowers I heard—
Wept when I found they all had fled
With each bright singing bird.

More bitter now the tears I shed,
But not for flowers I weep :
Callista slumbers with the dead,
And Theron shares her sleep ;
Hazen at length grew sick, and fell
Beneath the blast of death,
And Ira since has sighed "farewell,"
And fled from Autumn's breath.

One left us when the summer's sky
Was bright, serene, and fair—
When the wild flower of richest dye
Shed fragrance on the air :
One left us when the faded world
Lay in her snowy shroud,
When wintry tempests fiercely whirled
Their way along the cloud.

One died when the spring blossoms hung
Upon the garden trees,
Where the blithe swallow's anthem rung
Upon the balmy breeze.
O 'twere a fitter time to die
When Autumn flowers grow pale,
And the wild wind sweeps sadly by
With such a mournful wail !

But I will only ask to stay,
Beneath our changing sky,
Until amid this dire decay
I learn to live and die :
Then, if the angel Azriel bring
A summons to depart,
The glorious gate of heaven shall fling
Its radiance round my heart.

It matters not if summer bring
Her load of rich perfume,

Or if the Autumn zephyr sing
A requiem o'er my tomb ;
I shall not heed the transient mirth,
In which the gay delight ;
Nor shall I pause to see if earth
Looks beautiful and bright.

I then shall pass beyond the cares
Of this inconstant life—
Beyond its sorrows and its snares,
Its turmoil and its strife.
Then, then pale Autumn, then thy breath
Shall never reach me more ;
For clouds of sorrow, pain, and death
O'ershadow not that shore.

WHAT IS SUBMISSION ?

May we not *feel* the chast'ning rod,
And yet be reconcil'd to God ?
Or, must the stricken heart
In a deep, pulseless stupor lie,
And know no grief, and heave no sigh,
Nor writhe beneath the smart ?

“ Be calm,” they say, “ Be reconcil'd,
“ Nor weep in agony so wild—
“ 'Tis wrong, 'tis wrong to mourn !”

My Father, is it wrong to sigh,
When many a strong and kindred tie
Is from the spirit torn?

Ah! is it wrong, when passion's wave
Rolls its high surges round the grave,
Breaking amidst the gloom;
Can it be wrong, at such an hour,
To feel its overwhelming power,
And weep above the tomb?

It is not wrong! Sure I may *feel*,
Yet be submissive to the will
Of Him who dealt the blow:
'Tis right to feel! 'tis right to weep!
My Saviour wept in anguish deep,
While wand'ring here below.

God will not chide me for my tears—
He knows how dark the cloud appears,
Which has shut out the dawn;
Full well he knows I'm reconcil'd,
And, though I weep with anguish wild,
Can say, "Thy will be done!"

1843.

SONG TO THE BIRDS.

Ye restless wand'ers through the air,
Pause on your tireless wings awhile,
And watch with me the sunset fair,
And see the radiant landscape smile.

Come down from yonder tow'ring height,
And sit ye on this spreading bough—
Nay, nay! those crimson clouds of light
Allure you onward, upward now.

Had I your wings, thou restless train,
I would not mount those clouds of light ;
I'd take my course more near the plain,
And find some spot to me more bright.

Some spot, where smiles, that warm the heart,
Scatter their purer, richer rays ;
Where crimson clouds more softly float
In the calm, summer evening's haze.

Some spot, where long belov'd ones tread,
Some sacred hamlet far away ;
Quick, quick my pinions should be spread,
And seek those shades without delay.

In part my search would be in vain,
For some I've lov'd I might not find—
Nay, nay! *my flight naught should restrain,*
I'd seek the dwelling of the mind!

I shall have wings, sweet birds, like you,
And then I'll find the lov'd and lost ;
I'll bid the world a long adieu,
And fly to what I covet most.

BIRDS WISER THAN MEN.

The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times ; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming ; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord.—JER. viii, 7.

YES, the aërial songsters know
The time to leave this land of ours :
When chilly blasts begin to blow,
And frosts of autumn scathe the flowers,
How quick they spread their airy wing,
And take their flight to sunnier skies—
A land where sweeter flow'rets spring,
And wintry tempests never rise !

They know when to return again :
Swiftly they come, on wings of light,
When Spring breathes sweetly o'er the plain,
And earth is beautiful and bright.
But O, my people, saith our God,
Have not the swallow's wisdom here ;
Though tempests wild come like a flood,
They look not for a brighter sphere.

When storms of sorrow beat around,
And judgments are in mercy given,
Their souls, still clinging to the ground,
Refuse to seek their native heaven.

O, wretched man, how frail thy boast !
 Wert thou not form'd for nobler ends ?
 Arouse thee, ere forever lost !
 The birds' thy wisdom now transcends !

1845.

SUMMER NOON.

STILL and glassy lies the river
 In its sultry light ;
 Not a leaflet deigns to quiver
 O'er its bosom bright.

Not a breath of air awakens
 In the hazy sky ;
 And the brooklet is forsaken—
 Tuneless, drear, and dry.

Summer noon, thy hours are weary
 To the human heart ;
 And, though all may seem more dreary
 When the cold winds start ;

Yet there's not this morbid weakness
 Hanging o'er us then,
 For the heart can bear the bleakness
 Of stern winter's reign.

Thoughts awake with the wild ringing
 Of the stormy wind ;
 Tempest clouds are ever bringing
 Freshness to the mind.

But the summer's noon-tide fervour
Sears the soul within ;
Thought lies like a turgid river—
Not a wave is seen.

1848.

TRIAL, A BLESSING.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation : for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.—JAMES i, 12.

BLESSED indeed are they,
Who in the evil day
Stand firm against temptation's wily power ;
Who on that God rely
That rules the world on high,
And can support them in the trying hour.

Blest with the Saviour's love,
Who " hides their life above,"
And fill'd with peace that earth can ne'er bestow ;
With Jesus for their guest,
How joyfully they rest,
Though storms of sorrow o'er their pathway blow.

And blest, when life shall close,
With triumph o'er their foes,
They shall arise, released from worldly strife—
Released from earthly chains,
From cares, and griefs, and pains,
Which throng them now along the way of life.

And in the world above,
 That clime of light and love,
 Millions shall welcome them at last to rest;
 And Jesus shall appear,
 Jesus their friend most dear,
 To crown his servants, and pronounce them blest.

1848.

TO THE WESTERN BREEZE.

SWEET western breeze—sweet western breeze,
 Now sobbing faintly through the trees,
 Pause on your fleety pinions here,
 And brush away my falling tear!

Say, hast thou pass'd that spot afar
 Where the belov'd of childhood are?
 When didst thou wave those homestead trees?
 When wast thou there, sweet western breeze?

Say, wert thou there at morning's dawn?
 Or, later still, when eve came on?
 And did thy breath, around those eaves,
 Then gently stir those lattice leaves?

O! didst thou catch those tones of love
 Which follow me where'er I rove?
 Still sobbing faintly through the trees,
 Thou answerest not, sweet western breeze.

1848.

THE BROKEN PENCIL.

EMMA gave me, when we parted,
This small gilded pencil here ;
She was cheerful and light-hearted,
And we thought not of a tear.

Now I'm weeping o'er the token
Of her friendship and her love ;
For its glitt'ring case is broken,
Like the heart I did not prove.

Worthless thing ! thou hast deceived me,
Proved my confidence in vain—
Like the friend I loved so dearly,
But may never trust again.

Tender friends—how high we prize them,
How we weep when they are dead !
But to see the world despise them,
Is by far more darkly dread.

And to feel the spell is broken
Which has bound them to our heart—
'Tis a feeling none have spoken,
When they saw the loved depart.

Choice memento ! fittest emblem
Of the heart I thought so pure !
Emblematic of the friendship
Which I thought must long endure.

Thou art broken, fragile charmer,
Like the friend my heart held dear ;
Cast aside, neglected lying,
Fast thy beauties disappear.

Emma ! O, the love I've borne thee
Costs me many a blush of shame !
From my bleeding heart I've torn thee,
Cast aside thy tarnish'd name !

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Suggested by hearing a friend say he had found the *New Year*, but was in search of the *Happy*.

SURELY, thought I, 'tis this, 'tis this—
A thirst for earthly happiness—
Which prompts our search below ;
A something lurks within the breast
Which pants for happiness, for rest,
That earth cannot bestow.

To-day how many hearts beat high
With hopes as bright as yonder sky,
With dreams of earthly bliss !
Thro' pleasure's paths they take their way,
And, like my friend, this New-Year's day,
They search for happiness.

Onward the pleasing phantom flies,
And on they press to grasp the prize.

And lo, 'tis onward still !
 Vain, vain their search ! 'Th' immortal mind
 No earthly happiness can find,
 Its mighty void to fill.

Delusive dream ! 'These long-sought joys
 Are naught but empty, fleeting toys,
 Like bubbles on the wave :
 A moment they allure us here,
 Then rapidly they disappear,
 And perish in the grave !

1841.

ARE THEY GONE ?

A LONG-ABSENT friend sat down by our hearth,
 And I saw a deep shadow of gloom
 Pass over his brow, as he spoke, with a sigh,
 Of those dear ones who sleep in the tomb.
 " Are they gone ?" he exclaim'd, and his voice
 was so sad
 That it moved the deep fountains of grief ;
 They burst from concealment, and bitterly flow'd,
 Till my bosom experienced relief.

" Are they gone ?" — And he gazed on the vacant
 seats

Of our circle, deserted and lone,
 As if he would question the sorrowful truth—
 Can it be, can it be they are gone ?

That evening remembrance presented to view
Each form and each feature so plain,
That it seem'd my dear brothers had waken'd
from death,
And encircled our fireside again !

I saw them—I saw them ! The first one, who fell
With a forehead so tranquil and fair,
And the dark eye, whose lustre was caught from
above,
With the look which the glorified wear :
As calmly he smiled as when this was his home,
And his voice had the same gentle tone—
I saw him, I heard him beside our lone hearth—
How could I believe he had gone !

The one who soon follow'd, the next to depart,
The youngest, whose cheek was so bright
Ere Death's fearful signet was placed on his brow,
Where it glisten'd so pearl-like, so white :—
He was there with that smile of affection so warm,
Which in sickness and health ever shone ;
The light of his cheerfulness gladden'd my heart,
And I could not believe he was gone.

And the other was with us—the last one who fell,
The last one who sunk to the tomb ;
The last one who whisper'd a solemn farewell,
And enter'd the mansions of gloom !

So late, that it seems like a dream of the night,
 Which on wings of the morning has flown—
 How can I believe that he sleeps in the grave!
 How can I believe he has gone!

They are here, they are here! Say, have ye not
 heard

That the pure and the blest often come
 With a message of love from the heavenly land,
 And as guardians to pilot us home?
 Ye spirits of Paradise! say, are ye here
 To fill up the circle so lone?
 O, let me believe ye are hovering near,
 For I sorrow to think ye are gone!

1845.

ANGELS.

ANGELS from their native bowers,
 On their starry pinions,
 Come to this sad world of ours,
 Search its dark dominions.

And where'er contrition's sigh
 'Scapeth from the lowly,
 They are sure to linger nigh
 With a transport holy.

And wherever faith is found
 In the heart upspringing,
 Those bright hosts encamp around,
 Joy and solace bringing.

Where the mother rocks her child,
In its cradle sleeping,
Watches its soft dreaming smile,
There their wings are sweeping.

Sweetly, fondly do they lend
Solace to the weary ;
On the steps of age attend,
Make its path less dreary.

And they linger by the side
Of the sick and dying,
Who in Jesus' love confide,
Ready wing'd for flying.

1850.

THE VINE.

I SAW my brother tear away a vine,
Which had been clinging to our garden-tree :
Up to the branches closely did it twine,
And yet he tore its little rings away ;
And on the ground its wither'd tendrils lay :
Pressing the damp earth o'er its clusters then,
Before I ask'd the cause, I heard him say,
That had he left it to the wind and rain,
It would have never lived to see the Spring again.

And thus, methought, our Father tears away
Our fondest hopes, which cling so close below,
And in the dust doth our affections lay :

Lest the dark storms of sorrow, grief, and woe,
The surly blasts that here in darkness blow,
Should blight th' immortal part, that fain would
rise,

He makes us sleep in death, and slumber low,
Till softer air breathe o'er our radiant skies,
And in eternal Spring these deathless souls arise.

1847.

THE MOON.

How sweetly the moon, in her silvery light,
Looks down on this beautiful scene !
All nature seems smiling more peaceful to-night,
And the earth and the trees are more green.
O, the sweet, placid moon ! her burnishing rays
Are glad'ning the earth with delight ;
She has caught those beams from the king of day,
To light up our shadowy night.

Thus, when some earthly attraction shall lend
A charm to our pathway below ;
When the rays of gladness and hope shall blend
In their brightest and holiest glow ;
Thou sweet, placid moon, we will think it like
thee !

Though it ravish our hearts with delight,
It has borrow'd its beams from the Ruler of day,
From the Fountain of beauty and light !

1848.

FALLS IN PARISHVILLE.

'Twas pleasant on those sloping banks,
Down by that rushing tide,
To watch, at daylight's ebbing hour,
The foam-crests roughly glide :
High rocks were piled on either side,
Along that sounding shore ;
And, while we gazed, e'en thought was lost
In the tumultuous roar.

How beautiful that lovely night,
The wave, the earth, the air !
My spirit revel'd deep in bliss
While I was standing there ;
It drank the sweetness of that scene,
The sweetness of that hour,
And, list'ning to the foam-white waves,
Felt all their music power !

O ! I have gazed on many a scene,
Which might have been as bright ;
But never had my heart before
So kindled at the sight !
Ne'er had I felt the rapt'rous awe,
That so entranced my soul,
Bidding successive waves of bliss
In sweetness o'er me roll !

What was the cause ? what was it gave
Such brightness to this scene ?
Which made the wave more musical,
The landscape more serene ?
Not that my heart at once had caught
An answering, echoing tone—
A feeling more poetical
Than it before had known :

Nay, but a hand was clasp'd in mine,
A heart was beating near,
That made this scene of loveliness
A robe of splendour wear !
An eye was gazing then with mine,
Which kindled at the sight ;
Making the scene more beautiful,
More glorious and bright.

1847.

THE WARNING VOICE.

HARK ! a mystic voice is calling
Soft and low,
And a gloom is round me falling—
I must go !

I must go in youth's bright morning,
When my sky is clear ;
For this strange, strange voice of warning
Now is in my ear.

Earth looks bright, and hopes are beaming
All around my way ;
And my spirit has been dreaming
Of a longer stay.

But this restless, high ambition,
And this hope sublime,
May not yield their full fruition
On the shore of time.

And the lofty thoughts aspiring,
Ranging unconfined ;
And the quenchless, deep desiring
Of the immortal mind—

Say, must these be quench'd forever
In an early tomb ?
They will never, never, never
Be eclipsed in gloom.

Earthly friends must shortly fail me,
Earthly hopes must die,
But far truer friends will hail me
In a holier sky.

Hark ! that mystic voice is calling
Soft and low ;
Death's dark mists are round me falling—
I must go !

THE FAREWELL.

Go—may Israel's God protect thee,
Mid the dangers of thy way !

Go—may angel guides direct thee,
Wheresoe'er thy footsteps stray !

Go—may Jesus' arm be round thee,
May his strength still be thine own !

Go—may the sweet ties that bound thee,
Draw thee closer to his throne !

Go—may angel wings be o'er thee,
And their brightness on thy brow !

Go—the Spirit go before thee,
With the light which cheers thee now !

Go—th' Almighty's arms enfold thee,
And his grace to thee be given !

Go—I shall, I shall behold thee
Once again in earth, or heaven !

1847.

THE DARKNESS OF GRIEF.

“She goeth unto the grave to weep there.”—The Bible.

I saw her kneel beside a grave,
Where the fresh earth was strown :
’Twas at the stilly hour of eve,
When the rich sunset shone—

Shone calmly from the crimson west,
In floods of pleasing light ;
But ah ! it stream'd upon a breast,
That mov'd not at the sight.

No secret charm her spirit caught
From the mild beaming sky ;
And the soft breeze, with odours fraught,
Awaken'd but a sigh.
The flower, in whose unfolding cup
The tear drops fell like rain,
From the green sod look'd calmly up,
To claim one glance in vain.

How dark, thought I, must be the grief,
Which veils e'en nature's charm !
When wind, and sky, and verdant leaf,
And the bright sunset calm,
No more can wake the echoing chords
Within the human breast,—
Ere such a grief shall veil my soul,
O, let me be at rest !

1842.

TO MARIANNE.

Sister, as the clouds of even
Float along the western sky,
And the countless stars of heaven
Lift their glimm'ring tapers high :

Dost thou think of bright immortals,
Past into the spirit land ?
Dost thou, through its dazzling portals,
See the white rob'd millions stand ?

O ! 'tis sweet, as shades are stealing
O'er the earth and o'er the sky—
All those splendid orbs revealing,
Which bestud the arch on high ;
It is sweet then to be dreaming
Of that fairer, holier clime,
Whose immortal light is streaming
O'er the shadowy bounds of time.

It is well, when we are weary,
That the power to us is given,
To look up, through shadows dreary,
To the blessed clime of heaven.
Let us live, so live, that ever
Heaven's bright gates may be in view,
And, when life's worn bands may sever,
We shall pass triumphant through.

1648.

ADELIA.

She died as the first violets wak'd to life.
While woods with Spring notes ringing,
And brooklets wildly singing,
Made all with beauty, joy, and music rife.

She died, the fairest flow'r that op'd to day,
Died in the spring time's brightness,
Died in her young heart's lightness,
While all conspir'd to ask her longer stay.

When parent hearts their richest benison gave,
Their fondness lavished o'er her,
And strew'd the way before her
With flowers which since have perish'd on her
grave.

How sad to see the young buds early droop,
And pale before us lying,
In all their fragrance dying—
'The buds of intellect, the germs of hope!

But sadder far 'twould be, if no bright ray,
From yonder gates of light,
Stream'd to our anxious sight,
Turning our tho'ts from Time's dark shore away.

O! ye, who mourn for fair Adelia gone,
Whose hearts with pain are riven,
Look up to yon bright heaven—
There lives in fadeless light your darling one!

Be it your highest care to find the road
To her sweet home of gladness,
Beyond the reach of sadness,
And she will hail you to her blest abode!

BE OF GOOD CHEER.

“ Be of good cheer : I have overcome the world.” John xvi, 33.

Cheer up, my followers in this vale of tears,
Ye with crush'd hearts, and step desponding
slow ;

Behold, the day-star in your sky appears,
And morn has dawn'd upon your night of woe.

Dread dangers will bestrew your pathway here,
And trials dark, and intricate, and blind ;
And ye will oft, amid your doubt and fear,
Scarce venture on the narrow way to find.

Clouds of dismay may thicken o'er your path,
And demon voices haunt you midst the gloom ;
The world and sin oppose with fiery wrath,
And darkness dense seem gathering round the
tomb.

Yet bear in mind, I 've overcome them all,—
I, your Redeemer, and your Friend, and Guide :
Before my mighty arm each foe must fall,
And o'er the world thou may'st victorious
ride.

I overcame the tempter's wily power,
I triumph'd over sin, and earth, and hell !
Yea, more than conqueror—in one awful hour
The massive bars of death before me fell.

Then let your hearts be cheerful as ye tread
 The narrow way, and bear the piercing blast ;
 For sure as your Redeemer groan'd and bled,
 So sure shall ye o'ercome the world at last.

M. W. S.

'There was a voice so sweet,
 A smile so bright around that hearth,
 That angels from their blissful seat
 Sped down to earth ;

Watch'd o'er her dreams awhile,
 Shadow'd her brow with wings of love,
 Then flew, with the pure, lovely child,
 To realms above.

'They saw the flower was frail,
 And that the world was sterile, bleak ;
 They took it ere a piercing gale
 Should blanch its cheek.

Ye, who have mourn'd the child,
 Ye, from whose eye the sad tear starts,
 Be thankful that she ever smil'd
 Upon your hearts.

Think ye have rear'd a flower
 Too purely beautiful to stay ;
 A plant which blooms in Heaven's high bower,
 Beyond decay !

UNSPOKEN GRATITUDE.

SHE did not speak her gratitude,
But, with a tearful eye,
Press'd her warm, glowing lips to mine
In grateful fervency.

She laid her hand confidently
And gently in my own ;
Her blue eyes spoke thro' glist'ning tears—
How eloquent their tone !

I understood their import deep,
Their magic struck my heart !
The gratitude which glows so warm,
Disdains the words of art.

O, Father ! shall a creature come
With grateful tears to me,
And I neglect to offer up
My gratitude to thee ?

1545.

SEND ME THAT FLOWER.

SEND me that long-promised flower
From thy forest home in that western glade :
Aye, send me one that has grown in the shade,
Where, in musing, thy footsteps have often stray'd,
And where in gladness thy children have play'd
At the beautiful twilight hour.

And what though it fade on the way?
 It will be the same flower that so sweetly sprung
 Thine own green valleys and woods among,
 Where the western birds their wild notes sung,
 And the wilder laugh of thy children rung,
 From morn till the close of day.

I will gaze on the faded leaf,
 And think of the loved who so early died,
 And others now wandering far and wide;
 I will think of the place where, side by side,
 We witness'd the rapid moments glide—
 O, were they not far too brief!

I will think of the days that are gone;
 I will think of the flowers that you taught me to
 love,
 Of the roses we gather'd, the garlands we wove,
 Of the pathway thy footsteps were wont to rove,
 By the garden, the streamlet, the meadow, the
 grove—
 That path is deserted and lone.

Thou knowest that death has been here;
 Then I need not have told thee our pathway was
 lone,
 That the wind wanders by with a sadder moan,
 And that many a smile and joyous tone
 From our pensive hearth has forever gone,
 Which so often our hearts used to cheer.

O ! then, let us think of that better land,
Where we 'll meet the blest friends who have
 gone before
To that happy home, on that brighter shore—
For these partings and sighings will all be o'er,
And the blooming cheek shall fade no more,
 When we greet that angel band !

O send me that promised flower
From thy forest home in that western glade !
But let it be one that bloom'd in the shade
Where thou, in thy musings, hast often stray'd,
And where in their gladness thy children play'd
 At the beautiful twilight hour.

1844.

D E W - D R O P S .

WE have fallen on the green sward,
 Where the happy children play,
Where their feet, in sportive gladness,
 Early shook our pearls away.

We have lain upon the blossoms
 When they gather'd them at morn ;
We have kept them bright and glowing,
 Some sweet bosom to adorn.

We have glisten'd at the bridal
 With the brilliant and the fair ;
When the solemn vow was utter'd,
 We were faintly trembling there.


We have gleam'd upon the roses,
In their sweetest fragrance spread,
By the hand of pure affection,
On the bosom of the dead.

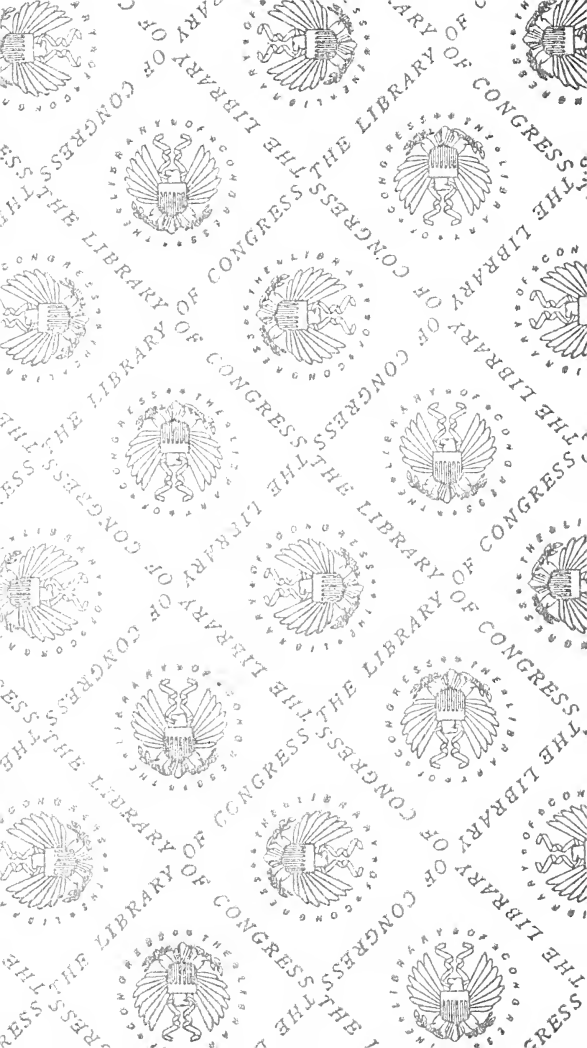
Ye have seen us, changed to vapour,
Soft on airy pinions roam—
Floating, like a gauze of silver,
Through the bright, cerulean dome.

We have glitter'd high in heaven,
In the rainbow's arch divine—
In the saddest place, and brightest.
We are ever seen to shine.

1849.

THE END.

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